the weekly standard

MARCH 7, 2005

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FEAR AND LOATHING AT HARVARD
HARVEY MANSFIELD • DUNCAN CURRIE

# I, ELIOT

**New York's attorney general thinks Republicans are right about the emergence of a new "investor class." But he's convinced he can get them to vote for Democrats—especially for one named Eliot Spitzer.**

**Matthew Continetti**



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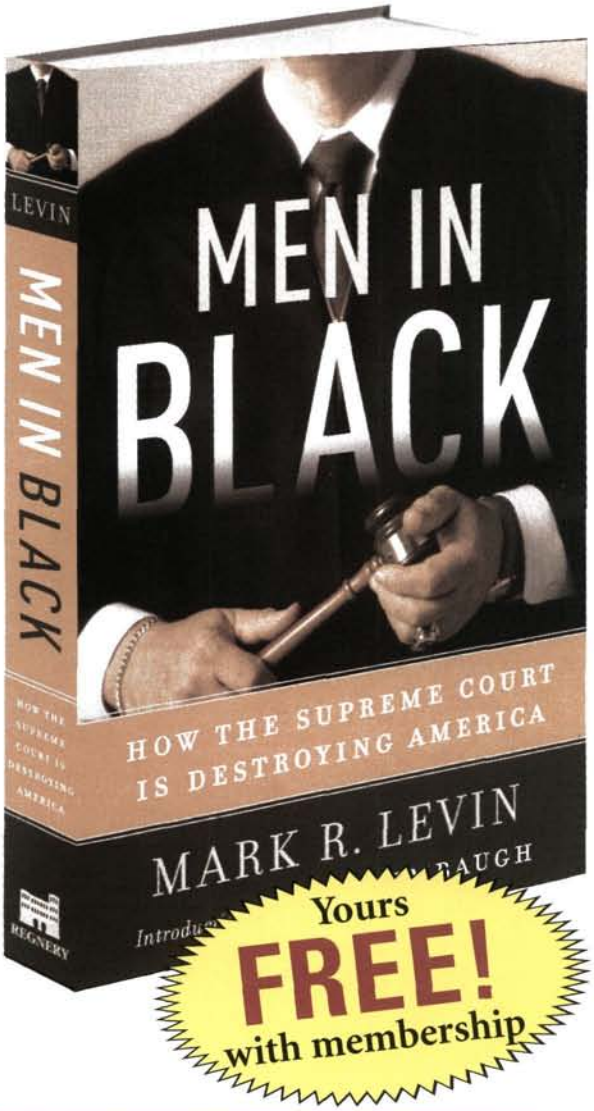
# They've done more harm to America than Dan Rather, Barbra Streisand, Martin Sheen, John Kerry and both Clintons combined...

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# Argumentum Ad Upperwestsidum

More than 100 people who attended a "community gathering" at St. Petersburg, Florida's Poynter Institute last Tuesday evening were blessed, according to the next day's St. Pete *Times*, by a visit and remarks from "the closest thing to newspaper royalty." The reference here was to *New York Times* publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger Jr., otherwise known—St. Pete *Times* business columnist Robert Trigaux mischievously observed—as the chairman of a publicly traded corporation whose circulating stock has lost 30 percent of its value since mid-2002.

But so what about that? THE SCRAPBOOK comes not this week to question good King Pinch's West 43rd Street boardroom chops—nor even his asserted dominion over the broader realm of American journalism. Nay. THE SCRAPBOOK mentions the sovereign's visit to Florida, truth is, only so's we might help call public attention to the priceless moment of unwitting self-exposure the trip involved.

"To his credit," Trigaux acknowledges, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger Jr. "tried to answer a range of tough audience questions" at the Poynter event. And at least one such question apparently concerned his paper's "liberal leanings." But this particular question Sulzberger seems not to have tried all that hard to answer. Instead, quite the contrary, he "laughed" it off, thusly: "I hear more complaints that the newspaper is in the pocket of the Bush administration than that it is too liberal."

THE SCRAPBOOK can't decide which is weirder: that more people than not in Mr. Sulzberger's business and social circles think the *New York Times* guilty of a pro-Republican tilt—or that Sulzberger could fail to see how such an admission tends to confirm, rather than rebut, a *Times* bias in the opposite direction. ♦

## Great Moments in Blogging

A February 7-10 Gallup Poll, for the sixth time since early 1999, asked more than 1,000 randomly selected American adults, "Whom do you regard as the greatest United States president?" And randomly selected American adults being who they are, the top eight finishers looked like this (by percentage of respondents naming each listed president):

| | |
|---|---|
| Ronald Reagan | 20 |
| Bill Clinton | 15 |
| Abraham Lincoln | 14 |
| Franklin Roosevelt | 12 |
| John Kennedy | 12 |
| George W. Bush | 5 |
| George Washington | 5 |
| Jimmy Carter | 3 |

Next, on February 20, two days after Gallup released these figures, a fellow named Chris Bowers—co-proprietor of *MyDD.com*, one of the better-trafficked lefty blog sites—plunked down at his computer to offer us an interpretation. Measured from the last such Gallup "greatness" survey in November 2003, Bowers noted, "Reagan and Clinton are rising, while Washington is fading." And what is much the most remarkable aspect of a nationwide survey in which, by a three-to-one margin, our 42nd president is held in higher historical esteem than our first?

To Bowers, the answer was obvious. It was the first and only thing he thought of. "When I see polls like this," Bowers wrote, "it becomes even more shocking to me that there are really Democrats out there who believe Hillary would be unelectable." ♦

## Great Moments in Broadcasting

Sitting in for regular *Talk of the Nation* host Neal Conan on February 21, National Public Radio's Frank Stasio conducts an appropriately subversive call-in memorial for the suddenly-late "gonzo" journalism pioneer Hunter S. Thompson:

STASIO: My guest for this part of the conversation is Ben Fong-Torres, former editor of *Rolling Stone* magazine. . . . Chris is on the line from San Diego. Hi, Chris. You have a question for us?

[Crosstalk and background chatter.]

CHRIS: Yeah, yeah. Well, first I'd like to say we're all very sorry. I mean, Hunter Thompson. He was a—he started a mantra for us in high school, you know, that we would beat our drums by, and just—really sorry that he's gone. But my question is, Thomas Friedman is a good example that comes to mind as somebody who's a first-personal journalist who takes himself—you know, that's a little bit more of a serious subject, *Beirut to Jerusalem* and a couple of others—but do you think somebody like that was influenced by Hunter S. Thompson? And I'll take my question off the line 'cause I'm driving in San Diego rain right now.

STASIO: Okay. Chris, thank you. Ben?

FONG-TORRES: Yes. Who's the author he was talking about here?

STASIO: Thomas Friedman.

FONG-TORRES: Oh, I don't even know who that is. ♦



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## Great Moments in Self-Parody

The February 25 *New York Times* "Corrections" column contributes to modern statistical science as only that paper can:

"A sports article yesterday about Doug Glanville, a University of Pennsylvania graduate who is an outfielder in spring training with the New York Yankees, misstated the number of Ivy Leaguers who have played with the team since 1965. It is two—Jim Beattie, a former Dartmouth pitcher who played in 1978 and 1979, as well as Steve Adkins, a former Penn pitcher who was with the Yankees in 1990."

THE SCRAPBOOK might otherwise here mention that Messrs. Glanville, Beattie, and Adkins seem to make three Ivy Leaguers all together, not two. But honestly, now: What self-respecting grownup cares about such stuff? ♦

## Another Statesman Heard From

Sudanese president Omar Hassan Al Bashir, during a February 18 interview on Arabic-language Al Alam TV, as translated by the Middle East Media Research Institute:

"It is a known fact that to this day, Israel hasn't determined its borders, and everyone knows that the two blue stripes on the Israeli flag symbolize the Nile and the Euphrates—that is, that the Nile and the Euphrates should be within Israel's borders. Therefore, Israel's expansionist and aggressive intentions are fundamental, and anyone who thinks otherwise is trying to bury his head in the sand—like an ostrich. . . . We know that Israel wants to annex Iraq and the Egyptian delta to the 'Greater Israel.' This 'Greater Israel' is an indispensable part of their faith."

For the record: The blue stripes on the Israeli flag's white background were designed to evoke the tallit, Judaism's prayer shawl. ♦

## Good News, Bad News

Central Florida's WKMG-TV6 Sports, reporting on its website from Orlando, February 14:

"What was supposed to be a magical moment at Sunday night's Orlando Magic basketball game instead turned into an embarrassing memory for one man, according to Local 6 News.

"The unidentified man asked his girlfriend to marry him in front of thousands of fans at the Magic's 97-94 victory over the New Orleans Hornets at the TD Waterhouse Centre.

"The man, who was standing on the court, dropped to a knee and asked the woman to marry him.

"Instead of answering, the woman turned and ran off the court with her face in her hands.

"Meanwhile, Steve Francis scored 22 points and handed out 10 assists to lead Orlando. Hedo Turkoglu also had 22 points in the win." ♦



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# Casual

## When the Fun Stopped

I feel like I've known Hunter S. Thompson for most of my life. I first encountered him in 1981, when I was 12. A family friend had moved out after a long stay in the guest room, and I decided to find out what he'd left behind. On the nightstand I found a copy of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. I liked the cover art, so I read it. It changed my life.

The book made me want to drop everything (specifically, the sixth grade) and take up journalism. It made me want to travel the world with a pen and notebook, having adventures, recording my observations, and speaking fearlessly on behalf of truth as a sworn guardian of the First Amendment. But mostly, it made me want to do drugs.

In the first chapter, Thompson famously describes the stash he's accumulated for his weekend road trip to Vegas: "two bags of grass, seventy-five pellets of mescaline, five sheets of high-powered blotter acid, a saltshaker half-full of cocaine, and a whole galaxy of uppers, downers, laughers, screamers." This is in addition to "a quart of tequila, a quart of rum, a case of beer, a pint of raw ether, and two dozen amyls."

I resolved to try it all, down to the ether, which I finally located midway through tenth grade in a headshop on the West Side of Manhattan. (It gave me double vision and a headache.) Tracking down and taking everything on Thompson's list became a kind of mission, a pharmacological scavenger hunt that preoccupied me through high school.

At this point, I should add the customary disclaimer about how drugs are bad, a lie and a trap and a destroyer of lives. That's all true, but not in my case. For me, the whole experience was interesting and fun. I had a great time.

On the other hand, I grew out of it. By the time I got to college, mind expansion had lost its appeal. I switched to beer.

One night freshman year, I drove to Providence to see Hunter Thompson debate G. Gordon Liddy in a lecture hall at Brown. Thompson showed up slobbering, then got even drunker. He took swigs from a bottle of whiskey and yelled incoherently about Richard Nixon. But booze wasn't the basic problem. Dead sober, Thompson still would have embarrassed himself. He didn't have much to say.

Later I learned that every childhood hero disappoints you if you get close enough. But that night at Brown, I was stunned, and totally disillusioned. Thompson wasn't anything like I'd imagined.

It was 18 years before I saw him again. Last month, a friend invited my wife and me to New Orleans to have dinner with Hunter Thompson. We met at Arnaud's in the French Quarter. Thompson couldn't make it to the second floor dining room because of a bad leg, so we sat at the bar. He didn't say much, and when he did he spoke in a faint, slurry voice. He smiled a lot. He could not have been nicer.

I wasn't shocked this time, just sad. For a while, Thompson was the funniest writer in America. His sentences were tight and precise and perfectly balanced. Now he seemed almost unable to communicate with words.

After an hour or so, I got up to leave. Rather than shake my hand, Thompson leaned forward and pulled me in, hugging me so hard and for so long that his lapel pin left an imprint on my check. Then he handed me his pack of Dunhill, Superior Mild, with one left in the box. I couldn't tell if he wanted me to smoke the cigarette, or if he was passing it on as a keepsake. I put the pack in my pocket. It's sitting on my desk as I type.

The night after Hunter Thompson killed himself I got into bed with my copy of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. I finished it at dawn. I'm happy to say I wasn't disappointed. It was as good as I remembered.

**Tucker Carlson**



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## Sizing up the Sufis

As an American who has resided in Indonesia for the past 13 years, I read Stephen Schwartz's article about "a tolerant, pluralist tradition in Islam" ("Getting to Know the Sufis," Feb. 7) with great interest. It is encouraging to see Sufism mentioned in The Weekly Standard with respect and hope, but Schwartz has greatly oversimplified the situation.

To begin with, not all moderates are Sufis. Equating the two leads to his astonishing statement that Indonesia is a land "where Sufism is the dominant form of Islam"—a claim that would cause most citizens to scratch their heads in puzzlement.

In Indonesia, the two largest Muslim organizations (each with 30 million or so members) are the Muhammadiyah (mentioned by Schwartz) and the Nahdlatul Ulama (NU), headed by Abdurrahman Wahid before he became Indonesia's president. As described in Adam Schwartz's *A Nation in Waiting*, the latter is conservative about Islam but pluralistic because it respects traditions related to Indonesian culture. In contrast, Muhammadiyah has a large appeal for Muslims who feel affinity with "pan-Islam"—the concept that Islam transcends all cultures and should be "standardized" everywhere in the world for the sake of unity.

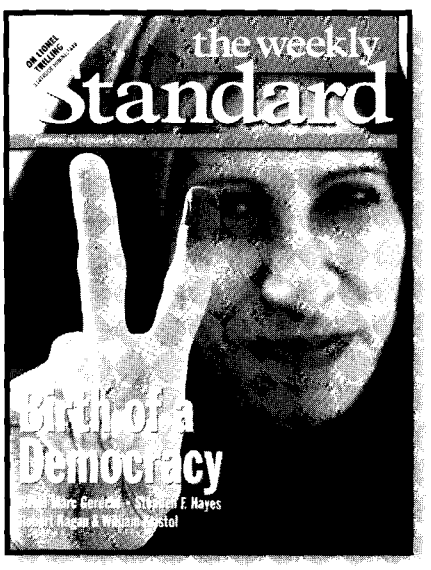
Although Muhammadiyah (once headed by Indonesia's former speaker of the house, Amien Rais) answers a spiritual calling or longing for unity, that doesn't make it a Sufi organization. Further, its call for standardization naturally tends to make it a vehicle for "correcting" diversity of practice and belief. This group is composed mostly of *santri* Muslims, distinct from the less strict *abangan* Muslims who tend to belong to the NU.

I am also moved to clarify Schwartz's statement that "the religion of the majority is taught in public schools." All religions are taught in those public schools where there are enough students to warrant calling in a member of the faith to teach once a week. If one visited a school where 100 percent of the students were Muslim, then Islam would be the only religion taught. But another school, say in Bali, might have separate classes for Islam, Hinduism, Catholicism, and Protestantism for students belonging to those religions.

Martin Schell
*Klaten, Indonesia*

With all due respect to Stephen Schwartz and the great historian Bernard Lewis, whom he quotes, it is simply untrue that "[t]he Sufi always prefers peace to war, and nonviolence to violence." In fact, Sufis have led some of the bloodiest revolutions in Islamic history, most notably that of Muhammad Ahmad of Sudan in the 1880s (in which Charles Gordon lost his life).

True, Sufism, or Islamic mysticism, is usually tolerant and willing to live and let




live. But when it changes gears, "live and let die" becomes the motto. Charismatic Sufi leaders like Muhammad Ahmad sometimes become convinced they are the Mahdi, the "rightly-guided one" predicted by Muslim tradition to come before the end of time and conquer the entire world for Islam.

Schwartz sees Sufism as the antidote to Wahhabi fundamentalism, but it might just as likely turn out to be poisonous in its own right.

Timothy R. Furnish
*Alpharetta, GA*

**Stephen Schwartz responds:** I am grateful to Martin Schell for his clarification and correction on Indonesia. However, the definition of Sufism is not a narrow one. Indonesian Muslim groups (including Muhammadiyah) that do not adopt an attitude, within Islam, of *takfir*, or excommunication from the faith of those who disagree with them, and who eschew a hostile attitude toward other religions, in my view fall within the broad category of Sufi-influenced Islam. So long as Muhammadiyah's quest for "correction" is not based on threats and compulsion, it seems to me in line with traditional, conservative Sunni Islam of a moderate variety, which accommodates Sufism.

As for Timothy R. Furnish's comment, Muhammad Ahmad in Sudan is not universally recognized as a Sufi, but his struggle to expel British invaders also should not be universally seen as an atrocious action. The British had no business in Sudan, and Ahmad's followers were, in my view, justified in combating it. I certainly have never argued that Sufism is a perfect or infallible alternative to Wahhabism or any other form of radical Islam. History has an unfortunate way of playing tricks, with the best intentions resulting in bad outcomes. But the numbers of extreme or aggressive acts committed by Sufis in the many centuries of their history in Islam is very small indeed. And their general record of coexistence with other religions is recognized by Bernard Lewis—who stands above most of us as an expert on these matters—and many others.

## Over There, Over Here

Joel Kotkin is correct that his "cities of aspiration" are likely to become more "Euro-American" over the long term ("Cities of Aspiration," Feb. 14 / Feb. 21). I think this is the inevitable result of overcrowding.

Eventually, the people who leave overcrowded, expensive, business-hostile conditions are going to find their new home is starting to resemble their old one. They will then seek to restrict expansion (and I don't always think that is a bad thing). Before long, businesses will move to newer, less densely populated, more open regions and begin the cycle again.

Those of us who choose to live in less



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populated areas often make that choice because we don't enjoy urban sprawl, we want personal space, and we enjoy nature. We do not always welcome refugees from the larger cities. In my own case, I almost *never* welcome them.

I think capitalism is the best economic system available, but the pressure for constant expansion disturbs me. Isn't there some point at which an economy can survive in equilibrium, as biological systems do? And can't we decide, as communities, what we want the population density to be at that point? I don't like the idea that uncontrolled expansion is considered our only hope for the future.

LEAH HENNINGS
*Mayflower, AR*

JOEL KOTKIN posits an interesting and believable theory regarding the old "Euro-American" cities, but he does not fully develop a response to the stasis that follows an ex-urban boom.

I am a resident of Stamford, Connecticut. We are in the center of the so-called Gold Coast. Fueled by Wall Street, professional sports stars, and celebrities, the nearby towns of Greenwich, Darien, and New Canaan boast some of the highest home prices in all of New England. Stamford, too, is no slouch, averaging around $750,000 per home, yet it also suffers from all of the blights of an old Euro-city: a terrible education system, a commuter-based economy, and a poor, urban-based population.

How would Kotkin address such a dichotomy? Just throwing money at the problems has not worked. Many of Kotkin's "cities of aspiration" will be facing the same issues sooner rather than later. Some additional thought should be given to their futures.

H.J. ANDERSON
*Stamford, CT*

JOEL KOTKIN's discussion of Salt Lake City among his "aspirational cities" struck me, because the city's current mayor, Ross "Rocky" Anderson, is a true Euro-American. Indeed, the people promoting a "hip and cool" downtown Phoenix sound just like Mayor Anderson.

Utah's department of transportation has been trying to build a highway from Davis County to Salt Lake County in order to take some traffic away from I-15, which is overloaded. But thus far the project has been stymied by environmentalists, including Rocky Anderson. Anderson thinks the way to revive downtown Salt Lake City is to build more nightclubs and bars.

ALLEN S. THORPE
*Castle Dale, UT*

## THE DEMS' DILEMMA

NOEMIE EMERY's "The Democrats' Week from Hell" (Feb. 14 / Feb. 21) is brilliant. There have been times when I thought the Democrats could "get it." But their obtuse, myopic, self-centered partisanship has completely divorced them from meaningful discourse—and from the American electorate. They have degenerated into a dysfunctional collection of people who believe they can say anything and get away with it.

Years ago the Democrats were a voice for the common man, a party that represented social justice and equal access. Today they're adrift without a moral compass or a guiding principle beyond being anti-Republican. They are a good example of what happens when the ability to tell right from wrong has been lost; nothing is right and everything is wrong.

BOB MCMAHON
*Hillsborough, NJ*

## TRILLING AT 100

GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB has written a superb remembrance of Lionel Trilling ("The Trilling Imagination," Feb. 14 / Feb. 21). I had Trilling as a teacher at Columbia University in the 1950s. I later went to medical school and became a psychoanalyst, inspired by Trilling's subtle understanding of Freud. I have, after all these years, yet to encounter anyone with Trilling's depth of understanding. How impressive that, despite his own disappointing experience with analysis, Trilling retained such a high regard for Freud and his followers at the New York Psychoanalytic Society.

STEPHEN M. RITTENBERG
*Larchmont, NY*

## ERRATA

BRIAN MURRAY's "The Best Years of Our Lives" (Feb. 7), a review of David Castronovo's new book on 1950s literature, gave the impression that Charles Lindbergh's transatlantic flight took place in the 1930s. The famous Lindbergh flight actually took place in 1927. Also, Ralph Ellison's 1952 classic was *Invisible Man*, not *The Invisible Man*, H.G. Wells's 1897 science-fiction novel.

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the weekly Standard

# After 1/30/05

History is best viewed in the rear-view mirror. It's hard to grasp the significance of events as they happen. It's even harder to forecast their meaning when they're only scheduled to happen. And once they occur, it's usually the case that possible historical turning points, tipping points, inflection points, or just points of interest turn out in the cold glare of history to have been of merely passing importance.

But sometimes not. Just four weeks after the Iraqi election of January 30, 2005, it seems increasingly likely that that date will turn out to have been a genuine turning point. The fall of the Berlin Wall on November 9, 1989, ended an era. September 11, 2001, ended an interregnum. In the new era in which we now live, 1/30/05 could be a key moment—perhaps the key moment so far—in vindicating the Bush Doctrine as the right response to 9/11. And now there is the prospect of further and accelerating progress.

Consider three surprising testimonials from this past week—one from the Old Middle East, one from Old Europe, the third from Old New York.

From the Middle East, listen to Walid Jumblatt, the Lebanese Druze Muslim leader and member of parliament, formerly an accommodator of the Syrian occupation and no friend of the Bush administration or its predecessors. On February 21, Jumblatt, in Beirut, told the *Washington Post*'s David Ignatius that he is determined to work to get the current Syrian-stooge government out of office and to get Syrian troops out of Lebanon. What accounts for his new sentiment—echoing and echoed by millions of others, in Lebanon and elsewhere in the Middle East? Here's Jumblatt:

> It's strange for me to say it, but this process of change has started because of the American invasion of Iraq. I was cynical about Iraq. But when I saw the Iraqi people voting three weeks ago, 8 million of them, it was the start of a new Arab world. . . . The Syrian people, the Egyptian people, all say that something is changing. The Berlin Wall has fallen. We can see it.

Of course the assassination of Rafik Hariri was the proximate cause of the peaceful uprising the Lebanese are calling their "intifada." But plenty of people were assassinated in the old Middle East, and rarely did their deaths spark a democratic stirring. That was the pre-1/30/05 world. Now, after the Iraqi election, it seems possible that a democratic, nonviolent "intifada" has become the model for the new Middle East, replacing the suicide bombings and political murders of the old. It is possible to hope this is the case—and, more important, to work to make it so.

From Old Europe, listen to Claus Christian Malzahn of *Der Spiegel*, writing under the headline "Could George W. Bush Be Right?" Malzahn's answer: Perhaps.

> President Ronald Reagan's visit to Berlin in 1987 was, in many respects, very similar to President George W. Bush's visit to Mainz on Wednesday. . . . The Germany Reagan was traveling in, much like today's Germany, was very skeptical of the American president and his foreign policy. When Reagan stood before the Brandenburg Gate—and the Berlin Wall—and demanded that Gorbachev "tear down this wall," he was lampooned the next day on the editorial pages. He is a dreamer, wrote commentators. Realpolitik looks different.
>
> But history has shown that it wasn't Reagan who was the dreamer as he voiced his demand. Rather, it was German politicians who were lacking in imagination—a group who in 1987 couldn't imagine that there might be an alternative to a divided Germany. . . . When George W. Bush requests that Chancellor Schröder—who, by the way, was also not entirely complimentary of Reagan's 1987 speech—and Germany become more engaged in the Middle East, everybody on the German side will nod affably. But . . . Bush's idea of a Middle Eastern democracy imported at the tip of a bayonet is, for Schröder's Social Democratic party and his coalition partner the Green party, the hysterical offspring of the American neocons. Even German conservatives find the idea that Arab countries could transform themselves into enlightened democracies somewhat absurd. . . .
>
> Europeans today—just like the Europeans of 1987—cannot imagine that the world might change. Maybe we don't want the world to change, because change can, of course, be dangerous. But in a country of immigrants like the United States, one actually pushes for change. In Mainz today, the stagnant Europeans came face to face with the



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dynamic Americans. We Europeans always want to have the world from yesterday, whereas the Americans strive for the world of tomorrow. . . .

It was difficult not to cringe during Reagan's speech in 1987. He didn't leave a single Berlin cliché out of his script. At the end of it, most experts agreed that his demand for the removal of the wall was inopportune, utopian and crazy.

Yet three years later, East Germany had disappeared from the map. Gorbachev had a lot to do with it, but it was the East Germans who played the larger role. When analysts are confronted by real people, amazing things can happen. And maybe history can repeat itself. Maybe the people of Syria, Iran, or Jordan will get the idea in their heads to free themselves from their oppressive regimes just as the East Germans did. When the voter turnout in Iraq recently exceeded that of many Western nations, the chorus of critique from Iraq alarmists was, at least for a couple of days, quieted. Just as quiet as the chorus of Germany experts on the night of November 9, 1989, when the wall fell.

Just a thought for Old Europe to chew on: Bush might be right, just like Reagan was then.

Surely Bush's impressive European trip might have put this thought in a few other European minds, as well—but only because that trip took place in the aftermath of 1/30/05.

As for Old New York, listen to Kurt Andersen in the February 21 *New York* magazine:

Our heroic and tragic liberal-intellectual capaciousness is facing its sharpest test since the collapse of the Soviet Union. Back then, most of us were forced, against our wills, to give Ronald Reagan a large share of credit for winning the Cold War. Now the people of this Bush-hating city are being forced to grant the merest possibility that Bush, despite his annoying manner and his administration's awful hubris and dissembling and incompetence concerning Iraq, just might—*might, possibly*—have been correct to invade, to occupy, and to try to enable a democratically elected government in Iraq. . . .

It won't do simply to default to our easy predispositions—against Bush, even against war. If partisanship makes us abandon intellectual honesty, if we oppose what our opponents say or do simply because they are the ones saying or doing it, we become mere political short-sellers, hoping for bad news because it's good for our ideological investment.

The Bush short-sellers—in the Middle East, in Europe, and here at home—are being squeezed. But now is no time for the president to let up, or to cash in. Now that Bush has gathered momentum, he needs to forge ahead. There will be bumps, and setbacks. But if Bush can succeed in Iraq, force Syria out of Lebanon, and undermine the mullahs in Iran, then historians will say: Bush was willing to fight—and Bush was right.

—*William Kristol*


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# Fear and Intimidation at Harvard

## What do academic women want?

**BY HARVEY MANSFIELD**

*Cambridge, Massachusetts*

AT LAST WEEK'S Harvard faculty meeting, President Larry Summers saved his job, but he took a pummeling from his angry critics. Summers is easily the most outstanding of the major university presidents now on the scene—the most intelligent, the most energetic, as well as the most prominent. So, alarmed at his abilities and intentions, the Harvard faculty decided it would be a good idea to humiliate him.

Summers has supporters, and not all the faculty joined in the game of making him look sick. But the supporters, like Summers himself, were on the defensive, making concessions, and the critics were not. The critics consist of feminist women and their male consorts on the left. But since the left these days looks opportunistically for any promising cause, it is the feminists who are the core opposed to Summers. Together the feminists and the left make up perhaps half the faculty, the other half being moderate liberals who are afraid of the feminists rather than with them.

Summers saved his job by skating backwards, listening to his critics without demur and occasionally accepting their harsh words by saying he agreed with them. At no point did he feel able to say yes, *but* . . . in order to introduce a point of his own in response. His accusers were relentless and, as always with feminists, humorless. They complained of being humiliated, but they took no care not to humiliate a proud man. They complained too of being intimidated, but they were doing their best to intimidate Summers—and they succeeded.

At the meeting many said that the issue was not academic freedom vs. political correctness, as portrayed by the media, but Summers's style of governing. The point has a bit of truth. Summers is an economist, and there is almost no such thing as a suave economist. The great Joseph

Lawrence Summers

Reuters Live Photos / Brian Snyder

Schumpeter, a Harvard economist of long ago, claimed to be the world's greatest lover as well as the world's greatest economist (it is said), but he was a singular marvel. The reason why economists are blunt is that words of honey seem to them mere diversion from reason and self-interest, which are the only sure guides in life.

More than most people—to say nothing of university presidents—Summers lives by straightforward argument. He doesn't care whether he convinces you or you convince him. He isn't looking for victory in argument. But his forceful intelligence often produces it, in the view of those with whom he reasons. Sometimes the professors he speaks with come out feeling that they are victims of "bullying," as one of his feminist critics stated. As if to reason were to bully.

One faculty colleague said in response to this, "Can anybody on earth have less reason to fear than a tenured Harvard professor?" True enough, a Harvard professor has both the prominence to awe and, if that doesn't work, the security to escape. But feminists do not think like this. They insist on a welcoming atmosphere of encouragement to themselves and to their plans. If they do not get it, they will with a straight face accuse you of intimidating them even as they are intimidating you.

It takes one's breath away to watch feminist women at work. At the same time that they denounce traditional stereotypes they conform to them. If at the back of your sexist mind you think that women are emotional, you listen agape as professor Nancy Hopkins of MIT comes out with the threat that she will be sick if she has to hear too much of what she doesn't agree with. If you think women are suggestible, you hear it said that the mere suggestion of an innate inequality in women will keep them from stirring themselves to excel. While denouncing the feminine mystique, feminists behave as if they were devoted to it. They are women who assert their independence but still depend on men to keep women secure and comfortable while admiring their independence. Even in the gender-neutral society, men are expected by feminists to open doors for women. If men do not, they are intimidating women.

Thus the issue of Summers's supposedly intimidating style of governance is really the issue of the political correctness by which Summers has been intimidated. Political correctness is the leading form of intimidation in all of American education today, and this incident at Harvard is a pure case of it. The phrase has been around since the 1980s, and the media have become bored with it. But the fact of political correctness is before us in the refusal of feminist women professors even to consider the possibility that women might be at any

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natural disadvantage in mathematics as compared with men. No, more than that: They refuse to allow that possibility to be entertained even in a private meeting. And still more: They are not ashamed to be seen as suppressing any inquiry into such a possibility. For the demand that Summers be more "responsible" in what he says applies to any inquiry that he or anyone else might cite.

Of course, if you make a study of differences between the sexes with a view to the possibility that some of them might be innate, no violence will come to you. You will not be lynched. But you will be disliked, and you will have a hard time getting appointed at a major (or a minor) university. Feminists do not like to argue, and they consider you a case if you do not immediately agree with them. "Raising consciousness" is their way of getting you to fall in with their plans, and "tsk, tsk" is the only signal you should need and will get. Anyone who requires evidence and argument is already an enemy because he is considering a possibility hurtful to women.

Feminist women rest their cause on "social construction" as opposed to nature. The patriarchal society that has been made by humans can be unmade and remade by humans. But how do we know that the reconstruction will be favorable to women and not a new version of patriarchy? To avoid a resurgent patriarchy or other injustice, society, it would seem, needs to be guided by a principle beyond human making, the natural equality of men and women.

Accepting that principle would require, however, thinking about how far it goes and what natural inequalities in the sexes might exist. This might in fact be a benefit if it induced women to think more about what they want and like, and about what is fair to men and good for children. We do need feminism, because women are now in a new situation. But we need a new feminism conceived by women more favorable to liberty and the common good than the "feminists" of today. ♦

# The Right Stuff: About $250,000

## A bad idea migrates from left to right.

**BY ANDREW FERGUSON**

CONSERVATIVES from all over descended upon the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., on the evening of February 16 to witness a gala celebration marking the second annual Bradley prizes. As it happened, only a few weeks before, the newspaper *Crain's Chicago Business* published an eye-opening report on the liberal MacArthur Foundation's "genius grants," which the conservative Bradley prizes self-consciously emulate. The coincidence of these two things, the Bradley celebration and the newspaper report, is the kind of serendipity that grumpy magazine writers live for.

As every American prone to envy already knows, each year the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation offers $500,000 checks to twenty or thirty writers, graphic artists, social scientists, real scientists, public officials, basket weavers, political activists, and general-purpose busybodies, in return for which the recipients are expected to do . . . nothing. The genius grants famously come with "no strings attached." And sure enough, the reporter for *Crain's* managed to follow up on a select group of genius grant recipients, those in the literary arts, and found that nothing is exactly what the recipients produced after they cashed their checks.

Well, I'm exaggerating. "Genius grants don't pay off in literature," said the *Crain's* headline. The article noted that the financial freedom offered by the grants was intended to "help writers produce their best work." But it doesn't! "*Crain's* determined that 88 percent of the MacArthur recipients wrote their greatest works before being recognized. . . . The sheer number of books produced by the writers declined, too. . . ." The report cited, among many other examples, the novelist Ernest J. Gaines, who published his best-known novel, *A Lesson Before Dying*, the same year he got a genius grant, 1993, and hasn't published anything since.

MacArthur publicists dismissed the *Crain's* story with the hauteur you'd expect from people who dangle money before geniuses. What the recipients produced, or whether they produced anything at all, was a matter of indifference to the foundation, the publicists said. The foundation declines to follow up on the grants and assess the impact they might have had on the grantees. "Creativity is not a quantitative matter," said a MacArthur spokesman.

Money, on the other hand, *is* a quantitative matter, and no conservative could have been surprised at the result reported by *Crain's*, being aware, as conservatives are, of the "moral hazard" involved in an enterprise like the genius grant. Slinging around great bags of money, with no expectation of return, and then professing uninterest in the effects the windfall might have, really does seem like one of those ideas that only a liberal could think was terrific. The entire domestic policy agenda of Lyndon Baines Johnson was based on it, with well-known consequences. Conservatives are made of sterner, or at least more realistic, stuff.

They are, aren't they? So you might have thought, until the Bradley prizes were conceived.

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Founded in Milwaukee in 1985, the Lynde and Harry Bradley Foundation is, according to its mission statement, "devoted to strengthening American democratic capitalism and the institutions, principles and values that sustain and nurture it." For twenty years, it has funded a raft of worthy endeavors.

The first four Bradley prizes were handed out in late 2003, and from the start it was plain that the similarities with the MacArthurs were intentional. As with the genius grants, nominations for possible recipients of the Bradley prizes are offered by 100 "prominent individuals" who, despite their prominence, remain anonymous. A much smaller selection committee of even more prominent individuals then winnows the nominees down to the happy four. Like the genius grants, the awards are given with no strings attached, and are bestowed according to imprecise, not to say mysterious, criteria—"achievements that are consistent with the mission statement of the foundation." And as with the genius grants, every eligible human being would knife his grandmother to get one.

But there are important differences between the two awards, too. Genius grants go for $500,000; whether as a nod toward fiscal conservatism or simply as a reflection of shallower pockets, Bradley prizes are $250,000. Genius grants are handed out in relative quiet, with the dissemination of a press release. Bradley prizes entail splashier arrangements, designed for maximum publicity. Last year the ceremony was held at the Library of Congress, but that affair was deemed too snoozy. This year came the Kennedy Center ceremony, an extravaganza with musical performances, video interludes, and even an "anonymous glamour girl," as Pia Catton put it in the *New York Sun*, to escort the lucky winners with their trophies off stage. The glamour girl was dressed in an evening gown, in the paleoconservative manner. Comedian Chris Rock served as master of ceremonies.

But the biggest difference with the genius grants—I'm kidding about Chris Rock, by the way—lies in the recipients themselves. Unlike MacArthur's grantees, the Bradley recipients are political or cultural conservatives, each an estimable personage of genuine accomplishment. They are well-established in their fields, admired by their colleagues, and secure in their professional positions. Genius grants more often than not go to people in obscure or humble circumstances. The Bradley prize, in a unique twist, is *awarded to people who don't need it*.

For that matter, the prize amounts to a parody of what liberals say conservatives always want to do anyway—in tax cuts, for example: boost the circumstances of people whose circumstances don't need boosting, pass lots of money to people who already have lots of money. Among this year's winners was George Will, who is not only the most talented, tireless, and famous columnist of his generation but also the highest paid. (Accepting his award, Will told the Kennedy Center audience that winning the Bradley was "even better" than winning the Pulitzer. Well, duh. The Pulitzer comes with a check for $10,000. The Bradley is $240,000 better than the Pulitzer.)

*Like the genius grants, the awards are given with no strings attached, and are bestowed according to imprecise, not to say mysterious, criteria.*

Another of this year's winners, Ward Connerly, became well known for his public opposition to racial quotas. He is also a wealthy businessman who receives generous compensation in salary and benefits from his own tax-exempt political organization. Robert P. George, a greatly gifted political philosopher, holds a tenured position at Princeton and serves as director of the university's James Madison Program in American Ideals and Institutions. Last year's winners, too, were dominated by tenure-holders: Mary Ann Glendon of Harvard, Leon Kass of the University of Chicago, and Thomas Sowell of the Hoover Institution. Also included last year was another Pulitzer prize-winning columnist, Charles Krauthammer.

Of all the Bradley winners, in fact, only one fits the profile of a person who might greatly benefit from a sudden gusher of munificence: Heather Mac Donald, a writer, thinker, and reporter of imperturbable courage and intelligence whose professional affiliation—she is listed as "a contributing editor to *City Journal*"—doesn't exactly scream "lifetime job security." Otherwise, those 100 anonymous and prominent nominators solicited by the Bradley Foundation seem to have ranged over a field limited by an astonishing lack of knowledge and imagination. They really do need to get out more. Even now there are small, conservative intellectual quarterlies struggling to stay afloat for lack of money. And just off the top of my head I could name two dozen worthy individual recipients—young and energetic writers and academics and artists, working in relative obscurity and eager for a breather from financial necessity to continue work that would, in all likelihood, make a contribution to "the values that sustain and nurture" American civilization. Not all of them work at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Of course, this is not the first time that conservatives have taken a liberal idea and, aping it, managed to make it dumber; Republicans on Capitol Hill have been doing it for years. But it's still true that the justification most often heard in defense of the self-evident absurdity of the Bradley prizes—"Liberals do it too!"—is pretty weak. The most obvious response to such reasoning is to paraphrase the retort offered by mothers since the beginning of time: "If liberals went and jumped off a cliff, would you do that too?"

Wait. Don't answer that. ♦



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# President Cheney?

## The obvious man for Bush to tap as his successor in 2008. BY FRED BARNES

VICE PRESIDENT Dick Cheney is adamant about not running for president in 2008. Asked by host Chris Wallace on *Fox News Sunday* if he might change his mind, Cheney answered with a firm no. "I've got my plans laid out," he said. "I'm going to serve this president for the next four years, and then I'm out of here. . . . In 2009, I'll be 68 years old. And I've still got a lot of rivers I'd like to fish and time I'd like to spend with my grandkids, and so this is my last tour. I don't plan to run for anything."

And that wasn't all. Cheney said a primary reason he has influence with Bush is that he has pledged not to run. His ability to serve the president, he said, "depends upon my ability not to have any agenda other than his agenda. I made it clear when I took the job that I had no aspirations to run for president myself, that I wanted to be part of the team. And it's worked very effectively." If he were running, he'd have to worry now "about what the precinct committeeman in Ottumwa, Iowa, is going to think about me in January of '08." Since that's not the case, Cheney said, he's free to "offer my advice based on what's best from the standpoint of the president and his program and what we're trying to achieve now."

As professions of lack of interest in the presidency go, Cheney's is unusually strong. Yet there's every reason he should change his mind.

Drew Friedman

He's not too old. President Reagan was 69 when he took office. Despite past heart trouble, Cheney hasn't had a serious health problem for years. Besides, his health has nothing to do with his refusal to consider running in 2008. He's an experienced candidate at the national level and an effective debater with a wry sense of humor.

But there's a larger reason Cheney should seek to succeed Bush. In all likelihood, the 2008 election, like last year's contest, will focus on foreign policy. The war on terror, national security, and the struggle for democracy will probably dominate American politics for a decade or more. Bush's legacy, or at least part of it, will be to have returned these issues to a position of paramount concern for future presidents. And who is best qualified to pursue that agenda as knowledgeably and aggressively as Bush? The answer is the person who helped Bush formulate it, namely Cheney.

There's one other person who has been as important as the vice president in helping the president shape that agenda, Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice. She could be an attractive candidate, but she has shown no interest in running for public office. Rice was once introduced to Arnold Schwarzenegger as "the next governor of California." She declined to run, however, and of course he got the job in 2003. Last year, Rice had the opportunity to run for the U.S. Senate from California. Again, she declined. If she decided to run for the Republican presidential nomination in 2008, she would face the distinct disadvantage of being a first-time candidate.

What about John McCain, Rudy Giuliani, Mitt Romney, Bill Frist, and other Republicans who are thinking about running? They don't come close to Cheney in foreign policy know-how or decision-making experience. That's not to denigrate them. McCain has emphasized foreign and military affairs in his Senate career and is an able spokesman

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for a Bush-style foreign policy. Giuliani is no slouch on the subject of the terrorist threat. But who would generate the most public confidence as commander in chief? Cheney, for sure. On domestic issues as well—particularly taxes and energy—he can match any of the likely Republican candidates.

The main rap I've heard on Cheney is that he lacks the charisma to get elected. This is nonsense. So what if he can be characterized as Bush without the pizzazz? Cheney has what's far more important—gravitas. He's a man who's taken seriously as a national leader by everyone here and abroad. Voters aren't stupid. They know that gravitas trumps charisma in choosing a president in a foreign policy era.

The other question about Cheney as a presidential candidate is how he gets out of his vow not to run. That's easy. In the final two years of Bush's second term, the president will be a lame duck whose agenda has been exhausted. There will still be foreign policy issues on the table, true. But that will entail the playing out of policies that Bush, with Cheney's help, developed in his first term. So Bush will be in a position to anoint a successor. If the president let it be known he thinks Cheney would be the best person to succeed him, that would be enough to release Cheney from his promise not to run. And does anyone doubt that Bush thinks Cheney would be the best?

I don't know if Bush, two years from now, will actually want to choose a successor, someone to carry on his policies. It's possible his presidency and his signature issues may have soured by then. But I doubt it. So imagine Bush as a successful president looking to the future after he leaves office and wondering whether his accomplishments will be protected and expanded or reversed. It would be out of character for Bush to leave the selection of his successor to chance or to the whims of presidential primaries. If he says he'd like Cheney to run, my guess is Cheney would be hard-pressed to say no. ♦

# Read My Lips: The Sequel?

## Bush opens the door to a big tax increase.

**BY STEPHEN MOORE**

When President Bush hinted last week that he might be willing to raise the payroll tax cap to "pay for" Social Security reform, he opened the door to the largest federal tax increase endorsed by a Republican since George Bush Sr.'s "read my lips" debacle 15 years ago.

The 12.4 percent Social Security payroll tax is now levied only on the first $90,000 a worker makes each year. What President Bush said was that raising the cap (to perhaps $125,000 or even $200,000) was "on the table." This was a strategic blunder of the first order. Now even the strongest advocates of Social Security personal accounts are wondering what hefty price will have to be paid to enact them. And while this move was seen as a tactical device by the White House to keep the Social Security debate moving forward, in fact it is a serious setback. House majority leader Tom DeLay and others in the Republican leadership in Congress have rightly declared that any tax hike to "pay for" Social Security reform is dead on arrival, especially in the more conservative House.

Bush may gain a few Democratic votes by agreeing to raise taxes, but it appears he would lose far more Republicans in the bargain. In other words, this proposal is a net subtraction of votes for personal accounts.

Worse yet, by talking of higher taxes in exchange for Social Security reform, the White House is only reinforcing the concern among House Republicans in tough districts that this debate could become a Republican version of HillaryCare, with its subsequent decimation of Democrats in the 1994 midterm elections. Tinkering with Social Security is a tough enough vote for Republicans, let alone doing so while raising taxes at the same time.

A quick glance at George W. Bush's governing style during his first term reveals that whenever he reaches out to congressional Democrats, the result has been legislation that maims taxpayers and divides the Republican party down the middle. That is what happened with the ill-fated $1 trillion Medicare prescription drug fight of 2003. Conservatives split off from the president, and enough moderate Democrats gave Bush the margin for "victory." The term "victory" is in quotation marks because it is now universally acknowledged that the prescription drug bill is a fiscal time bomb, with the costs already exploding in the 18 months since it was passed.

An even more ominous analogy is the No Child Left Behind education bill. This passed in 2001 with lots of Democratic votes, including support from Ted Kennedy. The education bill ended up massively expanding education spending, and it sanctified the federal presence in school policy. Worst of all, the one desired conservative feature, school choice, was excised in the process.

The danger now is that Bush, who wants a legacy "victory" on Social Security, will ultimately sign a Social Security bill that raises taxes and drops or guts personal accounts. On Social Security, Bush is arguing for

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less bureaucracy and more individual financial choice, and those are attractive concepts, particularly to young voters. Polls reveal consistently that the public understands that the Social Security system needs to be modernized (though they reject the term "crisis") and that those who argue for doing nothing (most of the Democratic party leadership) are the enemies of progress. Bush got a huge boost this week from Alan Greenspan, who acknowledged (1) that Social Security's finances are in desperately poor condition, and (2) that private accounts can be very beneficial to young workers. But Bush's talk of higher taxes stepped on that helpful headline.

Talk of raising taxes as part of a pro-freedom reform scrambles the underlying message and divides the natural allies of personal accounts. Self-employed workers are big winners under any private investment account system, because currently 12.6 percent of what they earn up to $90,000 is sliced right off the top of their take-home pay. That's roughly $11,000 a year if they make $90,000 or more. If the cap were raised, say, to $125,000, these same workers would be big losers, with their Social Security tax rising to some $15,500 a year (and this doesn't even count the $3,700 a year they pay in the Medicare payroll tax).

Raising the cap would have two effects. First, the payments of higher-income workers would be so out of proportion to any eventual benefits as to make a mockery of the long-held notion that Social Security is an insurance program and that the tax payments are individual "contributions" into a trust fund for one's own retirement. Ironically, it has been liberal Democrats, arguing against the creation of personal accounts, who have made this case most vociferously.

Raising the payroll cap would convert Social Security into an overt income redistribution program. Higher income people would pay an inordinate amount of payroll tax in order to subsidize the pensions of low income workers. If Social Security is to be made into a welfare program, then it should be done on an honest and much less economically destructive basis simply by cutting the benefits of wealthy seniors, rather than hiking marginal tax rates while they are still working, which destroy economic incentives to work and invest.

It may seem fair to raise payroll taxes on higher income workers. But in many high-cost states, an income of between $90,000 and $150,000 a year is anything but rich. In states like California and New York, many school teachers, computer technicians, construction contractors, and medical assistants earn more than $90,000 a year, especially if they log overtime.

The rich already do pay the lion's share of federal taxes through the personal income tax. The latest Tax

Michael Ramirez



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Foundation data reveal that the wealthiest 10 percent of earners already pay almost two-thirds of the income tax. And because we have an Earned Income Tax Credit that essentially refunds to low-income families the money they pay in payroll taxes, even the payroll tax system is much more progressive than is commonly understood.

The suggested payroll tax hike is politically perverse, given that its principal impact would be to cancel out one of George W. Bush's primary policy victories in his first term, namely, the income tax cuts. Bush went to the mattresses to reduce income tax rates by about 5 percentage points on average. This, in combination with the capital gains and dividend tax cuts, helped spur growth, a stock market rally, and now a jobs boom. But for those in the upper middle income range, lifting the payroll tax would transform a 5 percentage point reduction in tax rates into a net 7 percent hike.

The strongest selling point of a personal account system for Social Security is that the current system is a rotten deal for young workers. For workers with incomes of more than $90,000 a year, the program already offers a poor return on the money they pay in to Social Security. The typical worker with earnings of more than $90,000 gets a rate of return from Social Security that is around 1 percent. Raising the payroll tax cap tells these workers that they would now get an even tinier rate of return, because they would be forced to pay more in for the same promised payout. Republicans should be arguing for a better deal for all workers.

George W. Bush is desperate to secure at least token Democratic party support for his historic Social Security modernization plan. He wants Social Security reform—and especially the implementation of personal accounts—to be the crown jewel of his domestic policy legacy. But any reform bill that raises taxes to win the support of Ted Kennedy or Nancy Pelosi likely will be much worse than no bill at all. ♦

# The Least Bad Iran Option

## The real choices we face in dealing with Tehran's nuclear program. BY JEFFREY BERGNER

DURING HIS RECENT TRIP to Europe, President Bush sent mixed signals about U.S. policy with regard to Iran's development of nuclear weapons. At one point he dismissed the prospect of military action as ridiculous; immediately after, he emphasized all options were on the table; then at another point he suggested there might be "convergence" between U.S. and European views on how to address the problem. If the president seemed to be all over the lot, that may be because the policy choices with respect to Iran are complex, and none is without its drawbacks.

Currently we are pursuing a "good cop, bad cop" option. While France, Germany, and Great Britain negotiate directly with Iran, the United States stands to the side. Washington endorses the negotiations, supports the European trio, and hopes the negotiations might find an opening to end Iran's weapons program in a way that is verifiable. Indeed, there may even be a thought that the occasional American statement that "all options are on the table" will strengthen the European negotiating position.

What are the likely consequences of this scenario? First, the negotiations will fail. They will fail because, despite claims to the contrary, Iran is not seeking a peaceful nuclear energy program. Iran has no need of such a program, and its actions to date are not consistent with that end. Iran is seeking to develop a nuclear weapons capability, and there is nothing the European trio can offer it to compensate for the perceived security benefits nuclear weapons would bring.

When the talks fail, what then? Will European negotiators acknowledge that negotiations were insufficient to deter Iran, and move toward economic or political sanctions? No, they won't: The negotiations are not a means to an end, they are the end itself.

We will then see the second consequence of this option: European governments will argue that only the United States can offer the security guarantees that might tempt Iran to end its program, and therefore America should not absent itself from the negotiations. Iran will point out that leaks about U.S. war planning, deployment of aerial drones, and alleged Special Forces activities all confirm its need for self-defense. It will be said, again, that America faces two kinds of adversaries—those with nuclear weapons that it does not invade, and those without nuclear weapons that it does invade. Under the "good cop, bad cop" option, Iran's weapons program continues, Western unity is strained, and Iran lays the blame on a party not even present at the negotiations. In all, not such an attractive option.

There are now calls for the United States to move to a second option, which we might call the "united front" option. Here the United States would join France, Germany, and Great Britain and engage directly with Iran. But what could Washington offer that the European trio could not? The United States maintains ground forces in both Iraq and Afghanistan and considerable naval

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assets nearby. Perhaps a security guarantee from the United States would assuage the anxieties of the Iranian government. But such a pledge would be completely unwise, given the many other issues—including support for terrorism, interference in Iraq, and the Iranian regime's human rights record—that animate U.S.-Iran relations.

SIPA / Hadj

*Iran's chief nuclear negotiator, Hassan Rowhani, meets with Jacques Chirac at the Elysée Palace, February 24.*

Moreover, to assume that Iran's quest for nuclear weapons has to do with the current force posture of the United States in the region is to forget that Iran has been pursuing nuclear weapons for at least 18 years, since long before even the first Gulf War. And it is to ignore that Israel, Russia, and Pakistan all possess nuclear capabilities in the region. The consequence is that "united front" negotiations would also fail. What's more, since the United States, if it joined direct talks with Iran, would immediately become the senior negotiating partner, American diplomacy would be blamed for the failure.

What then? Would Europe be more willing to adopt follow-on sanctions against Iran as a result of a perceived failure of collective U.S. and European diplomacy than it is as a result of the failure of its own diplomacy? The question answers itself. The "united front" option would permit the continuation of Iran's nuclear program and foster disagreement over follow-on measures among the allies.

This suggests a third option, which we might call a "united front with pre-agreed follow-on measures." Under this option the United States and Europe would agree in advance on a set of consequences to ensue if negotiations failed to dislodge Iran from its position. For example, they might agree that if negotiations had not successfully concluded within six months, the United States and Europe would jointly press for economic sanctions against Iran in the U.N. Security Council.

It is difficult to believe that Europe would commit itself to such a course of action, especially if the United States were in a position to judge what amounted to a successful negotiating outcome. Europe might surmise that Russia or China or both would block action by the Security Council in any event. Thus, for the "united front with pre-agreed follow-on measures" option to be meaningful, Europe would have to commit itself in advance to join in sanctioning Iran with or without the blessing of the Security Council. This would require Europe to overturn its long-standing views on the U.N., and to do so in an instance where Europe alone would bear most of the new costs, as the United States already has sanctions in place against Iran.

So this third option turns out to be a pipe dream, predicated on the hope that Europe would ever adopt economic and/or political sanctions against Iran, over and against the procedures of the U.N., in response to a perceived failure of American diplomacy. While musing on this cascade of unlikely events, moreover, we might remind ourselves that there is no evidence that the imposition of joint U.S. and European economic sanctions against Iran would cause it to terminate its nuclear weapons program.

Is there no other option short of invasion? There is a "military strike" option, which would consist of a strike against all known and suspected Iranian nuclear weapons development facilities. In the wake of such a strike, the United States would no doubt be condemned for riding roughshod over European and world diplomacy and for taking Iranian lives. A military strike could also alienate a great swath of moderate, and especially younger, Iranians who are inclined to be friendly toward the United States and in whom we repose hope for the creation one day of a more decent, secular regime in Iran. Moderate Iranians may oppose clerical rule, but they do not necessarily oppose an Iran with nuclear capabilities. Losing the natural affection of these people would be a genuine setback.

A "military strike" option is thus fraught with risk for the United States from friend and foe. It does, though, have one critical difference from the other options examined here: If it were executed properly, it would eliminate or seriously retard Iran's nuclear weapons program. ♦



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# Students for Larry

## While the Harvard faculty feuds, the undergrads yawn. BY DUNCAN CURRIE

*Cambridge, Massachusetts*

HARVARD president Lawrence Summers makes an odd Archie Bunker. But not to the few dozen students who gathered last Tuesday in front of Harvard's Science Center to demand his scalp. Some of their chants were aimed at Summers himself: "Racist, sexist, anti-gay—Larry Summers you must pay!" Others focused on the causes Summers has allegedly quashed: "What do we want?" "A living wage!" "When do we want it?" "Now!"

Two things about the rally stood out. First, it was tiny. The number of vocal anti-Summers demonstrators peaked around 50—out of an undergraduate pool of more than 6,400. Second, the anti-Summers crowd gave short shrift to his faux pas about women in science and engineering. Instead, they aimed their rally at other issues. Speakers banged on huffily about low-paid workers, mistreated black scholars, greedy oil companies, and all-male social clubs. You got the sense they could've staged this protest even absent Summers's comment about women's "intrinsic aptitude." Each speaker delivered a brief harangue, then cast a symbolic "no confidence" vote. After 45 minutes or so, the "Vote no!" gaggle trekked to nearby Lowell Lecture Hall, where the members of the Harvard faculty were streaming in to discuss their president's future. (They adjourned more than two hours later having resolved nothing.)

When the anti-Summers flock arrived at Lowell, it turned out a small band of pro-Summers students had beaten them to the spot. The latter handed out packets containing a pro-Summers op-ed written by three female undergrads in the *Harvard Crimson* and a list of students, alumni, and parents who had endorsed it on the website *www.studentsforlarry.org*. They dispensed at least 300 packets in all. As of last Friday, "Harvard Students for Larry" had collected more than 500 online signatures from members of the Harvard community. (Meanwhile, Harvard alumni are circulating their own pro-Summers petition, at *www.alumniforharvard.com*. It has garnered over 350 names.)

*Speakers banged on huffily about low-paid workers, mistreated black scholars, greedy oil companies, and all-male social clubs. You got the sense they could've staged this protest even absent Summers's comment about women's "intrinsic aptitude."*

This latest outbreak of controversy to roil Summers's tenure at Harvard began in mid-January, when Summers spoke off the cuff at a National Bureau of Economic Research conference. Seeking to explain gender disparities in math-related fields, Summers tossed out the following statement ("to provoke you," he said): "In the special case of science and engineering, there are issues of intrinsic aptitude"—that is, men might possess an innate advantage. When the remark became public, a torrent of outrage burst forth. Summers issued one mea culpa after another, to no avail. Leading professors called for his head, and Cambridge buzzed with talk of his resignation.

Harvard undergrads, however, were unmoved. They generally give the impression of being far more supportive of their president than is the faculty. A recent poll of Harvard professors conducted by the campus daily showed that while 55 percent believe Summers should not resign, 32 percent think he should. Moreover, majorities of the faculty told the *Crimson* they disapprove of Summers's leadership (52 percent) and/or feel he has diminished Harvard's image (56 percent). Such sentiment is hard to find among the undergrads, while support for Summers is common across ideological and party lines. One of the three women whose byline graced the pro-Summers *Crimson* article was sophomore Kate Penner, a Democrat. The others, Lauren Truesdell and Paloma Zepeda, are Republicans. Zepeda says she spearheaded the effort "to advocate respect for discourse." She and Truesdell both report receiving lots of positive feedback from their peers over email.

Among undergrads, even many staunch liberals oppose giving Summers the boot. One of them is Truesdell's roommate, Rachel Murray, a self-identified liberal Californian (who doesn't care for Ah-nuld). Murray thinks the push to oust Summers is so much claptrap. She found his remark on human genetics to be engaging rather than enraging. "He said it to challenge people," Murray stresses. The portion of female undergrads that want to ditch Summers, she adds, is not "anywhere near" the one-third of professors who want him out. Another student who normally favors liberal activism—and hails from true-blue Massachusetts—also considers the anti-Summers furor just plain silly.

It's not that Harvard undergrads are overwhelmingly pro-Summers. But most are, at the very least, anti-anti-Summers, which in this case means the same thing: They don't believe Summers should be forced to

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resign. Many don't give a fig about the whole ordeal. "I haven't met anybody who's pissed off about it," one young woman told me. Last Tuesday—Summers's ostensible day of reckoning—occasioned no student uproar on campus. The very cold, very gray day went off like any other, with Harvard Yard noticeably quiet for most of the afternoon. And the much-hyped anti-Summers rally was meager by Harvard standards, aside from the small phalanx of reporters. It's the professors who are driving the anti-Summers caravan, not the students.

What explains this gap? For one thing, today's Harvard undergrads are less ideological than those of, say, 25 years ago. They're surely less knee-jerk-liberal, on balance, than their professors. While catching the latest wave of political correctness is a virtual necessity for untenured (and even some tenured) faculty, among students it's the anti-PC position that has cachet. This is true not only in the matter of differences between men and women but also in other areas where Summers has antagonized the faculty. His pro-Israel and pro-ROTC positions, for example, mirror those of a solid majority of students.

Another explanation: While undergrads widely see Summers as student-friendly, many professors dislike him personally, whether for his top-down managerial style, his often brusque demeanor, or his shakeup of Harvard's academic culture. Many are already steamed over Harvard's pending expansion into neighboring Allston, across the Charles River from Cambridge. They broadly oppose the move and feel Summers has shut them out of the process. Now they have a pretext for their anger.

For these reasons and more, the only students conspicuously urging Summers's resignation last Tuesday were the usual suspects: those who take every chance to zing the "Harvard Corporation" and demand social justice. To most students, this perpetually roused rabble looks parodic, like the "Cause-Heads" in the movie *PCU*. For that matter, so, too, do the anti-Summers faculty. ◆

# Wahhabis, Go Home

## Confronting Saudi evangelism in Kuwait, Europe, and the United States. BY OLIVIER GUITTA

EPA Photos / Raed Qutena

*Kuwaiti police searching for militants, January 31, 2005.*

IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS, Kuwait has been waging its own war on terror at home. The police have engaged in five fierce and bloody gun battles with extremists since January 10, as reported by the Associated Press. Five policemen have been killed in these encounters, along with four security men and two bystanders; foreign observers described police conduct as "ham-handed." But the police also managed to kill 9 suspected terrorists and arrest more than 40.

Jolted by this first serious clash with Islamist terrorists, Kuwaiti authorities acted swiftly to tackle the root of the problem: They are closing down unlicensed mosques and barring Saudi imams, the tireless purveyors of Islamist extremism, from preaching inside the emirate. In addition, the AP confirms that Kuwaiti authorities are blocking Islamic websites that incite violence, seizing radical books from mosques, and purging textbooks of extremism.

Expressing the nub of the new policy, former Kuwaiti oil minister Ali al-Baghli wrote in the Kuwait daily *Al Qabas* on February 2: "What is needed is to cut off the snake's head, namely the masters of terror and all those who propagate terror in mosques and the media."

Yet even as tiny Kuwait, a Muslim country, confronts the problem of Saudi-funded propagation of extremism, European governments continue to treat it with something like benign neglect.

Or worse: In Germany, Wahhabi materials (produced by the extremist Saudis also called Salafis) are used to teach about Islam in public schools. To be sure, this came about by inadvertence. German law allows schools to offer optional religious instruction,

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so long as it is provided not by state authorities, but by the various religious communities themselves.

As Bernard Lewis, the doyen of Middle East scholars, explained recently at the Hudson Institute, when Germany's large Turkish minority applied for the inclusion of classes on Islam in schools, they offered to supply textbooks from Turkey. As these were government textbooks, they were deemed unacceptable by the German authorities, who requested materials produced by the local Islamic community. The result, Lewis says, were materials produced by private Muslim institutions—funded by Saudi Arabia. As always, he says, it was "the Wahhabis who had the necessary combination of passion, money, and a complete lack of scruples.

"So the Islam that is taught in *Turkish* schools is on the whole a modernized, secularized, sanitized version of Islam. The Islam which is taught in *German* schools is the complete Wahhabi version." And Lewis adds this footnote: "As an interesting result of that, of 12 Turks arrested so far who have active membership of al Qaeda, all 12 were born and brought up in Germany, none in Turkey, which I think is rather remarkable."

In Spain, where the very large Islamic Center of Madrid has been directly financed by Saudi Arabia, Wahhabism is on the rise. As long ago as 2002, the Spanish secret services were worried about the radicalization of the local Muslim community. It came as no surprise when, after the March 11, 2004, train bombings in Madrid, a link was established between a Madrid mosque and the men arrested for the bombing.

Meanwhile in France—which hosts the largest Muslim community in Europe, somewhere between 5 million and 8 million people—the link between radical mosques and terrorism is strong. As Louis Caprioli, former head of the counterterrorism unit of the DST, the French equivalent of the FBI, put it, "Behind every Muslim terrorist is a radical imam."

One such, imam Chelali Benchellali, has been preaching jihad since 1991 in Vénissieux, a suburb of Lyon. Apparently his message is getting through. Three of the seven French prisoners held at Guantanamo are from Vénissieux, including Benchellali's own son. Two other men from Vénissieux were arrested by the DST on November 5, 2002, and charged with terrorism; both are relatives of Nizar Nawar, the suspected mastermind of the terrorist attack on the Djerba synagogue in Tunisia, which killed 19 people on April 11, 2002.

The DST finally arrested imam Benchellali on January 6, 2003, along with his wife, another son, and a Vénissieux pharmacist suspected of planning a major chemical attack in France. Only this month, the daily *Le Parisien* reported that a group of newly arrested Islamists have confirmed that Benchellali had installed a chemical lab in his apartment and was on his way to manufacturing bombs containing the deadly poison ricin.

Completing the picture, three young French Muslims died recently fighting the Coalition in Iraq, and three more were arrested by American troops in Falluja. All six had attended the same mosque in Paris and answered the call to jihad of the imam, who has since been arrested. The mother of one of them told a reporter her son had been brainwashed and manipulated by an Islamist guru.

The vast majority of the imams preaching in France are foreigners, and most are in the country illegally. Back in May 2004, I asked Jean-François Copé, chief spokesman for the French government, whether it would make sense to deport them, particularly those preaching hatred. He answered that most have been in the country some time, have their families and their lives in France, and cannot be easily deported. Nevertheless, France has started to expel the most outrageously extremist imams: a total of five in 2004.

In a country with 1,500 imams, this is a drop in the sea. Even deporting the most virulent will scarcely make a dent in the growing radical movement, considering the hold Saudi Wahhabism has on French Islam. As long ago as May 2001—before 9/11—King Mohammed VI of Morocco warned the French interior minister of the danger posed by the influence of Saudi Arabia through French mosques. To no avail.

Indeed, Saudi Arabia is omnipresent. It financed the luxurious Institute of the Arab World in Paris, the Lyon mosque, and the King Fahd Islamic Center of Mantes-la-Jolie. When asked about Saudi influence in France, Jean-François Copé brushed off the question, stating it was irrelevant. He added that the French government was determined to encourage the emergence of a French Islam and to insist that from now on imams at least speak French (as only half do today).

Yet the development of Saudi institutions in France continues apace. A new school for training French imams will be financed by the Saudi-sponsored Islamic Countries Educational, Scientific, Cultural Organization (ICESCO), reports the Arabic newspaper *Al Watan*. Just last week, Interior Minister Dominique de Villepin told *Le Figaro Magazine* that a decision of the European Court of Justice prevents European governments from barring the foreign funding of mosques. So much for a truly independent French Islam.

Finally, the government of the Netherlands has been on a steep learning curve since the murder of Theo Van Gogh, on November 2, 2004, by an Islamist following the release of Van Gogh's documentary critical of Islam. The government has just issued a report on "Saudi Influences in the Netherlands: Links between the Salafist Mission, Radicalization Processes, and Islamic Terrorism" (available in English on the website of the Dutch Interior Ministry). It documents the usual patterns of funding and incitement, including "sermons and prayers [in Dutch mosques] that showed overt jihadist features, in which for example Allah was asked to 'deal with the enemies of Islam,' namely Bush, Sharon, and the



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'enemies of Islam in Chechnya and Kashmir.'"

What about the United States? A landmark report initiated at the request of American Muslims has just been released by Freedom House's Center for Religious Freedom. The report, edited by the center's Nina Shea and Paul Marshall and available on the web, meticulously documents the presence of Saudi government propaganda in mosques and Islamic centers in Los Angeles, Oakland, Dallas, Houston, Chicago, Washington, D.C., and New York. Researchers confirmed the availability, as recently as December 2004, of over 200 books and other publications teaching the Wahhabi ideology of hatred, intolerance, and sometimes violent jihad.

One small sample from a book for high school students published by the Saudi Ministry of Education and found at the Islamic Center of Oakland, California: "To be true Muslims, we must prepare and be ready for *jihad* in Allah's way. It is the duty of the citizen and the government. The military education is glued to faith and its meaning, and the duty to follow it."

It is telling that the researchers, translators, and principal analysts of this material have chosen to remain anonymous. Even in the United States, those who take on the Islamic extremists must live in fear.

The fact that Islamofascist ideology is being propagated within our borders is, as the Freedom House report underscores, a national security concern. That this is being done through the agency of an allied foreign government points to the need for strong diplomatic action.

There is good reason to believe the public would support this. An August 2004 poll by Luntz Research found that 82 percent of respondents want the president to put much more pressure on Saudi Arabia in the fight against terror. Now that Freedom House, a private organization, has further exposed this urgent problem, it is up to Washington to take vigorous action. If Kuwait can do it, why not we? ♦

# Operation Elephant Takeover

## And other tales of election skullduggery in Milwaukee. BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

Reuters Photo Archive / Allen Fredrickson

*A lawyer for the RNC watches poll workers on Milwaukee's north side, Election Day 2004.*

*Milwaukee*

IN the early morning hours of November 2, 2004, a group of five young men dressed in sleek "Mission Impossible" outfits finalized their plans for some Election Day hijinks. Despite the burglar-wear, "Operation Elephant Takeover" was originally conceived as little more than a prank. Michael Pratt, Sowande A. Omokunde, and three acquaintances were going to deface the headquarters of the Republican party's get-out-the-vote efforts in Milwaukee by plastering the façade with pro-Democrat signs and bumper stickers. Watergate it was not.

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But somewhere between its conception and execution, the plot changed. According to the criminal complaint, that point came when the would-be hooligans learned that a security guard would be present. Rather than abort their plan, they escalated. One of the young men distracted the security guard by urinating on a nearby building, while four others slashed the tires of vans meant to shuttle voters and poll-watchers to election sites throughout southeastern Wisconsin. Damage from the vandalism was $5,300. Still, not Watergate.

But a few additional facts make the episode more interesting. Wisconsin was one of a handful of the most competitive states in the 2004 presidential



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election. Milwaukee County is the most populous county in the state. The damaged vehicles were located mainly on the outside ring of the parking lot, effectively boxing in the remaining vans. The vehicles used to transport the vandals were rented by the Democratic party of Wisconsin. At least four of the five vandals were paid staffers of the Democratic party of Wisconsin. Two of them are quite well connected: Michael Pratt is the son of former Milwaukee Mayor Marvin Pratt, John Kerry's campaign chairman in Wisconsin; Sowande Omokunde, who goes these days by the moniker Supreme Solar Allah, is the son of Gwen Moore, a Milwaukee Democrat elected to the House of Representatives on the same day her son participated in "Operation Elephant Takeover."

These top Wisconsin Democrats have disclaimed any foreknowledge of the plot, and other Democrats were quick to condemn it. But the embarrassing incident has been back in the news in recent days. After a preliminary hearing that lasted two weeks, the five Democratic operatives were each charged with one count of "criminal damage to property," a felony that carries a fine of up to $10,000 and three years in prison.

The timing for Democrats couldn't be worse. A steady stream of news reports in the five months since "Operation Elephant Takeover," many of them written by Greg Borowski of the *Milwaukee Journal-Sentinel*, has confirmed what most Wisconsin residents have long suspected: The open election system in the state is an anachronism that invites incompetence and encourages corruption. It's a disaster. And many Democrats are defending it.

On February 24, after weeks of acrimonious debate, the Republican-led Wisconsin State Assembly passed an election reform bill that would require voters to present identification to vote. It will likely pass the majority-Republican Senate in a matter of weeks. With a few exceptions Democrats oppose the reforms, and Jim Doyle, Wisconsin's Democratic governor, has promised a veto. The legislation has nothing substantively to do with the Election Day vandalism. But in the hazy world of political perception, now is not a good time for Democrats to oppose election reform.

It is the combination of two factors —same-day registration and the lack of a photo ID requirement—that makes Wisconsin ripe for fraud. In theory, voters who register on the same day they cast their ballots are required to show proof of residence. In theory.

The reality is quite different. Standards of proof are so low that Wisconsin law currently allows another voter to vouch for a same-day registrant. That is, a would-be first-time Wisconsin voter can show up at the polls, register to vote, and cast a ballot—all without showing any identification—so long as another voter supports his claim to be a resident. The second individual is not required to present identification either.

"As long as you have someone with you and they vouch for you, you can vote. And that person doesn't even have to show ID," says Rick Wiley, executive director of the Republican party of Wisconsin.

To safeguard against fraud, the state requires same-day registrants to complete a voter verification card at the time they register. These cards require voters to provide basic information: name, address, date of birth, zip code. After the election, they are mailed to same-day registrants, and any verification cards returned as "undeliverable" are passed along to the authorities for investigation. Once again, this works in theory.

In reality, it doesn't work at all. Some election officials claim that they do not have the money even to send the verification cards. And returned verification cards when they are passed along to the authorities almost never result in prosecutions.

In Milwaukee, same-day registrants accounted for more than 26 percent of the total voters on November 2—some 73,000. Nearly 3,000 of the verification cards that were processed and sent to same-day registrants have been returned as undeliverable—a failure rate of 4 percent.

According to the *Journal-Sentinel*, the "city's records list 269,212 people—those with confirmed addresses or who could be sent verification cards—as voting, while 277,535 ballots were cast. That suggests a gap of 8,323 voters who cannot be sent the cards." Some 1,300 of those were the ballots cast by same-day registrants whose registrations could not be processed for a variety of reasons. Perhaps a voter failed to sign the form or did not include an address. We are still left with a discrepancy of approximately 7,000 voter-less ballots. Milwaukee city officials have offered a variety of explanations—the most frequent being computer glitches and human error. But no one can offer a comprehensive explanation for the difference. That's a problem.

"Record-keeping surrounding the Nov. 2 presidential election in Milwaukee is so flawed that in 17 wards there were at least 100 more votes recorded than people listed by the city as voting there," wrote Borowski on February 2, 2005.

Wisconsin Republicans believe the election reform issue is a good one politically. A recent GOP poll of 500 likely Wisconsin voters shows that 84 percent approve of measures to require photo ID. If Governor Doyle vetoes the initial legislation as expected, Republicans plan to attach it to a budget bill to force him to use his veto a second time. Scott Walker, the Milwaukee county executive running against Doyle, mentions election reform in most of his appearances across the state. Walker's likely GOP primary opponent, Rep. Mark Green, last week introduced legislation at the federal level that would require voters to show photo ID.

John Kerry beat George W. Bush in Wisconsin by 11,304 votes. How many votes in that total should not have been counted? Wiley points to Milwaukee to make a provocative suggestion. "With all of these problems in just one city, the results of this election could be up in the air." ♦



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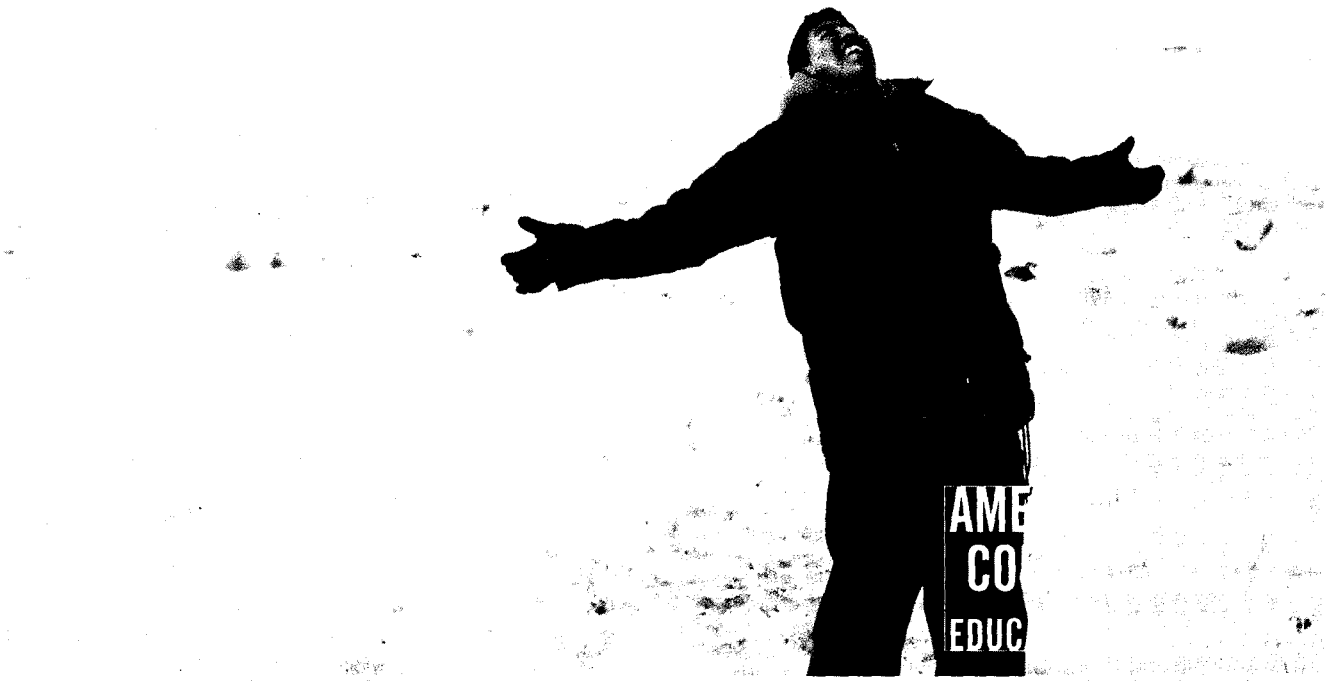


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# I, Eliot

*Republicans put great stock in the "investor class." New York's attorney general plans to make Democrats out of them.*

## By Matthew Continetti

It was a good day for Eliot Spitzer—the New York state attorney general, gubernatorial candidate, and rising star in the national Democratic party—and it is safe to assume, from the tight, thin smile firmly planted on his face, that Spitzer was enjoying every minute of it.

The morning of January 31, insurance giant Marsh & McLellan announced it had reached an agreement with Spitzer's office, which four months earlier had accused it of bid-rigging and "other questionable practices." In order to forestall further investigation and avoid a trial, Marsh said it would "enact reforms to lead the industry in transparency and service"—the most prominent "reform" being the establishment of an $850 million fund "to compensate clients."

Liz Lomax

Spitzer's office has pocketed a number of such high-dollar settlements since 2002, when the crusading attorney general launched his headline-generating campaign to clean up Wall Street, leveling conflict-of-interest accusations against brokerage giant Merrill Lynch. The Merrill and Marsh investigations, and all those in between, have conformed to the same pattern. First Spitzer makes splashy charges against a company or group of companies in a press conference; then his office leaks evidence suggestive of corruption; then a media firestorm ensues; and then the accused firm rolls over, agreeing to a fine-tuned settlement negotiated by Spitzer's lieutenants.

Few of Spitzer's high-profile cases have gone to trial. Few of his targets have gone to jail. Instead, companies have preferred to fork over billions in out-of-court settlements: All told, Spitzer's office collected $1.3 billion in penalties, fees, and tobacco money in 2002, $1.74 billion in 2003. The 2004 numbers aren't out yet, but Spitzer's office expects to collect at least $800 million. In the process, Spitzer has acquired a national reputation. To his admirers he is the paladin of the ripped-off individual investor and the last honest man in town. To his detractors he is the latest in a long line of grandstanding, egomaniacal prosecutors.

As it happened, Spitzer was in Washington the day the Marsh settlement was announced, attending a luncheon at the National Press Club. After lunch was over, and guests had pushed their plates of Caesar salad and herb-encrusted tuna aside, Spitzer took the podium and addressed his favorite constituency—the press.

It was an impressive performance. Spitzer instructed: "The status quo always has powerful friends." He admonished: We live "in an era of moral relativism." He rebuked: "Does anybody really believe the market was better off before we revealed those cases" of corporate wrongdoing? "I think not." He defended: "Not once has the other side said, 'You have been wrong about the facts.' Not once." And he pronounced: "Only government, at the end of the day, can indeed enforce rules of integrity in the marketplace."

Problem is, Spitzer went on, the federal guardians have been asleep on the job. "Where has the FDA been on this issue?" Spitzer asked, referring to the pharmaceutical company GlaxoSmithKline, which the attorney general's office says never disclosed that its drug Paxil may cause adolescent depression. "Nowhere. Silence." And where was Harvey Pitt, former chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, during the Enron and Worldcom meltdowns? Spitzer mentioned Pitt, smirked, and said: "I

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think he was chairman of the SEC for a period of time—I don't think *he* knew it."

This made the reporters giggle, and as Spitzer continued the giggles turned into guffaws, and then when Spitzer, his voice dripping with sarcasm, called the *Wall Street Journal* his "favorite editorial page," one of the guffaws turned into a high-pitched, throaty cackle. For a moment the whole scene felt like amateur night at Caroline's. Then Spitzer grew quiet: All joking aside, he said, the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page is the "paragon of free-market doubletalk." Its contributors claim to be "the voices of the 'free market'—but they're not," he said. "They are voices of ossification and stagnation." It took 200 years for us to work out the great game that is American capitalism, he explained. But today the rules are ignored, the referees are absent, and at the center of the playing field is a gaping and terrible void.

Into this void marches the lanky figure of Eliot Spitzer.

He has been apotheosized, elevated to the status of a god. Well, maybe not a god, *exactly*. But close: In December 2002, in a *Time* magazine profile that named him "Crusader of the Year," scribe Adi Ignatius wrote of Spitzer's investigations: "There has not been such an affirmation of what's right since Moses and the Ten Commandments."

A hard metaphor to top, but others have tried. Last summer an article in *Legal Affairs* compared Spitzer to King Arthur. Last December an illustration on the front page of the *New York Times*'s Sunday business section portrayed Spitzer as Superman. Last October the *Atlantic Monthly*'s Sridhar Pappu wrote that "to hear Spitzer speak about his job, about what it has become, about what he's made it, is like sitting down with Bruce Wayne, Batman's alter ego, and asking him why he dresses like a bat and lurks in the corners of Gotham each night."

The encomiums go on. And on. To the producers of *60 Minutes*, Spitzer is a John Wayne for the new century, the "sheriff of Wall Street." To the editor in chief of the *New Republic*, Spitzer is Theodore Roosevelt incarnate—"not the T.R. of bluster, but the T.R. of remedy and of vision." To *Slate*, Spitzer "may be America's most powerful politician outside Washington."

All this is typical of his press clippings. But in some articles, Spitzer is celebrated for being something he's not—something he never was, in fact. This happened first in December 2002, and again in December 2003, when the *Times* of London, then the *San Francisco Chronicle*, named Spitzer . . . "businessperson of the year." For a lifetime lawyer who's spent most of his career in government, for someone whose ambitions lie in the realm of state and (his supporters hope) national politics, that's high praise indeed. Because, let's be honest, Eliot Spitzer is not, never was, probably never will be a businessman.

On June 10, 1959, Eliot Spitzer was born in New York City. He had a happy childhood. His father, Bernard, owned apartment buildings throughout Manhattan, providing his family with an income substantial enough to afford a home in Riverdale, a gilded neighborhood in the Bronx. Money was everywhere in Spitzer's youth. Money made his education possible: Horace Mann prep academy, Princeton undergrad, Harvard Law. When school was out, money—or, rather, other people's lack of it—influenced his choice of summer activities. According to *Time*, he spent one summer "as a migrant laborer in upstate New York, side by side with Mexicans picking tomatoes." ("I wanted to experience harder work," Spitzer told *Time*, "to see the world from a different perspective.") Eventually money would support his political ambitions: His first campaigns were largely self-financed. And money informed his relationship with his dad. A famous story in the Spitzer household tells how Eliot and Bernard spent an evening in a ruthless, knockout grudge-match; the joke is that the two were playing Monopoly. Bernard won.

One day in January, I went to see Jim Cramer, the former hedge-fund manager turned TV personality. Cramer is a busy man. He hosts a radio show, has been cohosting *Kudlow & Cramer* five days a week on the financial cable network CNBC (where he's about to launch a new show, *Mad Money*), writes a column on money for *New York* magazine, and writes several times a day for *TheStreet.com*, the financial website he founded. Cramer is one of Eliot Spitzer's best friends. Spitzer is a former client; both Eliot and Bernard Spitzer were long-time investors in Cramer's hedge fund. But the relationship extends back long before Cramer entered finance.

The way Cramer tells it, the two met in the fall of 1981, when they were first-year law students at Harvard. "Within minutes," Cramer says, Spitzer mentioned that he had been student government president at Princeton. Whereupon Cramer began to laugh at him.

"I thought it was hysterically funny," said Cramer, who had spent the previous four years as a reporter at a small newspaper, after graduating from Harvard. During his time at Harvard, he continued, student government was nothing less than a big, fat joke. Spitzer asked him why he was laughing.

"'Because it's a joke,' I said," Cramer went on. "But that's Eliot. The cynical approach, which so many of us are steeped in, doesn't work with him. He's a factual guy. You can say what a joke student government is; he will go toe-to-toe with you and say empirically it *wasn't*



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a joke, so therefore are you willing to admit that you're being cynical and not skeptical?"

The tension between Cramer and Spitzer soon faded. "We're friends with each other all through law school," Cramer told me. "When I get out of Harvard," he said, "I owe about $40,000 in credit cards and tuition, and I say, 'f— it, I can't live in New York'—I'm going to have to live on my sister's floor." Spitzer was moving into one of his father's Manhattan apartment buildings. "He says, 'My dad owns an apartment building on 72nd street, and he can give you a studio at a reasonable, market rate that is not prohibitive." Cramer moved next door to Spitzer. "And so I saw him at home. I'd see him every day." He paused. "I've always loved him."

Cramer twisted and looked at one of the many computers arranged on his desk. The screen was covered with a stream of constantly changing financial data. Then he went on: "Eliot believes that capitalism is fabulous—*provided* that people play fair. He is the most Republican Democrat I know, because his stance is always the same: pro-growth, everybody wins; but growth without rules—zero-sum game."

This is what you hear again and again from Spitzer's friends, and from Spitzer himself: His many investigations into shady dealings inside Wall Street's most prestigious financial institutions aren't the result of any particular animus toward the Street, or toward capitalists, or toward "the system" in general. Spitzer isn't a radical, one's told.

*"He is the most Republican Democrat I know, because his stance is always the same: pro-growth, everybody wins; but growth without rules—zero-sum game."*

And what one's told is correct. Spitzer's biography, his parentage, his schooling, his friendships all confirm it. Spitzer isn't an enemy of business. He is separate, but not alien. Every morning, after all, when he wakes up early and jogs around the reservoir in Central Park, he's surrounded by hundreds of traders and analysts and managing directors and CEOs. And yet—recall for a moment his friendship with Cramer—it's clear Spitzer isn't in bed with business, either. He just lives next door to it.

Eliot Spitzer has been a lawyer for 20 years—only about eight of which were spent in private practice. After law school, and after clerking for a federal judge, Spitzer joined a firm in New York City. He left before two years were out. He became an assistant district attorney in New York, worked on cases related to organized crime, and rose to the top of the labor racketeering unit. Spitzer took on the Gambino crime family. He took on the garment and labor cartels. He earned his first mentions in the *New York Times*.

He left the district attorney's office in 1992 for another stint in private practice. It's clear, in retrospect, that this was little more than a placeholder; Spitzer first ran for New York state attorney general two years later, in 1994, as a tough-on-crime liberal who would bring to the job six years of experience as a battle-hardened district attorney.

He lost that race, badly. There were four candidates in the Democratic primary, each occupying a different space on the ideological spectrum. Spitzer finished dead last. Cramer remembers when he first heard the news, surrounded by Spitzer's family and supporters. It wasn't a happy scene: "I'm at the party with his mother and father, and I'm crying and apologizing, saying, 'I thought we'd do better.'"

Bruised but undeterred, Spitzer went into private practice for a third time. He was one of the founders of the firm Constantine and Partners, which he used mainly as a fundraising platform for his next bid at attorney general. In 1998 he won the Democratic primary and took on Republican incumbent Dennis Vacco in the general election. The race was close; so close that Spitzer sat through a six-week recount before declaring victory, by 25,000 votes out of the more than 4 million votes cast.

The attorney general of New York sits atop a huge and roiling bureaucracy; Spitzer employs 600 lawyers in four divisions divided into 16 bureaus scattered throughout 13 regional offices. At any given moment these lawyers are involved in thousands of cases. ("It's virtually impossible to get a count," one of his aides told me.) The tenor of these investigations is a function of the attorney general's politics. Spitzer's great innovation was to talk like a Republican and litigate like a Democrat.

This did not happen overnight, and it did not happen by design. Before 2002, Spitzer was best known for his 1999 offensive against General Electric. Late in the '90s the company disclosed it had polluted the Hudson River with PCBs from the 1940s to the 1970s. At first blush, suing G.E. was a textbook example of environmental activism: Spitzer wanted the company to pay for dredging the river, which would amount to billions of dollars in damages. But, as the *New Republic*'s Noam Scheiber pointed out, Spitzer added a twist. He took an issue that satisfied the environmental lobby—making a bloodthirsty corporation pay for its crimes—and dressed it in pro-business language. G.E.'s dumping of PCBs into the Hudson wasn't bad *per se*, Spitzer argued. It was bad because it had hurt commerce in upstate New York.



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The way that Spitzer talked about the Hudson River case in 1999 prefigured the way he talks about Wall Street today. Yet the fame he's won from his Wall Street suits makes it easy to forget that many of the cases Spitzer pursues are unsusceptible to such rhetorical and ideological shading. They are standard liberal Democratic fare. Cases against gun manufacturers, for example. Cases against industrial air polluters. Cases against grocery stores that don't pay satisfactory wages. Cases against predatory mortgage lenders. Cases against "Big Tobacco." It's a lengthy list.

In fact, if it weren't for Spitzer's investigations into the financial industry, and the political contortions they permitted, it's likely he wouldn't be a national figure at all. He'd be only one of many Democratic state attorneys general, all sharing the same goals and the same means to achieve them.

Which is ironic. Because the case that made Spitzer famous was *sui generis*—a historical hiccup in which an offhand remark, coupled with the unique subpoena powers of New York's attorney general, led to an investigation that uncovered real fraud. Remove any of those elements, and Spitzer's political reputation would not exist.

Like clockwork, the '90s stock market boom ended as that decade drew to a close. Stocks fell precipitously in the spring of 2000. The technology and telecommunications sectors were hardest hit. Bubbles burst. Bulls transmogrified into bears. The *New Yorker*'s John Cassidy picks up the story from there. As Cassidy explained in a 15,000-word exegesis of Spitzer's Wall Street investigations, one day in 2000, a Spitzer lieutenant named Eric Dinallo spoke to his writer-father, Greg. Dinallo *fils* headed the New York state investor-protection bureau in the attorney general's office. Dinallo *père* wrote pulp thriller novels and the occasional screenplay. Here is Cassidy:

> Greg, who had written episodes of *Quincy, M.E.* and *The Six Million Dollar Man* before turning to thrillers, was complaining about Wall Street analysts who kept "buy" recommendations on technology and Internet stocks even though so many of them were plummeting. "When analysts recommend these stocks, what's their interest in it?" he asked.

Intrigued by his father's off-the-cuff question, Dinallo told Spitzer in an early 2001 memo that his bureau would investigate "abuses by investment advisers" and "investment banking firm analysts" in the coming year. Around the same time, a Queens doctor named Debases Kanjilal filed suit against brokerage house Merrill Lynch. In the suit, Kanjilal claimed that one of Merrill Lynch's tech-stock research analysts, Henry Blodget, had urged his clients—including Kanjilal—to stick with a stock even as its price tanked. Kanjilal had lost thousands of dollars as a result.

Using the Kanjilal case as a springboard, Dinallo and his team of investigators discovered that Blodget routinely contorted his analysis of stocks in order to bring business to Merrill's investment-banking division. Put another way: Blodget told investors like Debases Kanjilal to stick with a tanking stock because Merrill Lynch wanted to keep the company that issued the tanking stock as an investment-banking client. It was an obvious conflict of interest.

It was also an explosive revelation. When Spitzer announced on April 8, 2002, that he had discovered "a shocking betrayal of trust by one of Wall Street's most trusted names," Merrill Lynch's stock lost around $5 billion in value in a matter of days. By May 21, the company had agreed to settle with Spitzer out of court. The settlement had two parts: Merrill would separate its research and investment banking divisions, and pay $100 million in penalties. But the investigation didn't stop there.

Another team of Spitzer's investigators found similar abuses at the brokerage firm Salomon Smith Barney, which had been acquired by Citigroup, the world's largest bank. The culprit in the Smith Barney investigation was another research analyst, Jack Grubman, who like Blodget had a . . . unique stock rating method. Grubman's "research" was not just skewed by the interests of his firm. It was heavily influenced by self-interest, too.

Spitzer's office turned up the following email, which Grubman wrote to an analyst at another firm:

> Everyone thinks I upgraded T [AT&T] to get lead for AWE [AT&T Wireless]. Nope. I used Sandy [Weill, Citigroup's chairman] to get my kids in 92nd St. Y pre-school (which is harder than Harvard) and Sandy needed [AT&T chairman Michael] Armstrong's vote on our board to nuke [former Citigroup co-chairman John] Reed in showdown. Once coast was clear for both us (i.e. Sandy clear victor and my kids confirmed) I went back to my normal negative on T. Armstrong never knew that we both (Sandy and I) played him like a fiddle.

Well, he did now. And so did a whole lot of other people.

Collusion, corruption, crass neglect of individual stockholders—this was what Spitzer's investigations into Wall Street uncovered. The consensus was that if Spitzer ever brought these cases to trial, some of America's largest firms would fall apart.

So Spitzer didn't take the cases to trial. Instead, in December 2002, 10 of Wall Street's most famous banks settled out of court with the New York state attorney general's office: Bear Stearns, Credit Suisse First Boston, Deutsche Bank, Goldman Sachs, J.P. Morgan Chase,



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Lehman Brothers, Merrill Lynch, Morgan Stanley, Salomon Smith Barney, and UBS. The earlier settlement with Merrill Lynch provided the model. As with Merrill, the firms would adopt reforms separating research from investment banking; the combined penalties reached upwards of $1.4 billion. And all because someone who used to write dialogue for *The Six Million Dollar Man* lost money in the stock market and had a son who worked for Eliot Spitzer.

The investment-banking scandal resonated with voters. It helped Spitzer win reelection in 2002 with 60 percent of the vote. It exposed what had become a toothless Securities and Exchange Commission. But it also exposed Spitzer to criticism; that none of the cases went to trial, that none of the analysts was convicted in a court of law, suggested to some that Spitzer was more interested in publicity than reform.

And as Spitzer's investigations grew in number, so did his critics. He was reckless, said some. He was undemocratic, said others. Those in the Reckless Camp argued that wherever Spitzer's eye turned, economic ruin followed. In 2002, remember, Merrill Lynch stock lost over $5 billion in a matter of days. In 2004, when Spitzer told reporters he was looking into the insurance industry in general and Marsh & McLellan in particular, Marsh lost 43 percent of its value. According to *Slate*'s Daniel Gross, together Marsh and AIG insurance lost $38 billion in market capitalization. Such numbers may look abstract, but they have real-life consequences. Marsh, for instance, laid off about 3,000 employees.

Those in the Undemocratic Camp argued that Spitzer had become business's "judge, jury, and executioner." (The words are Chamber of Commerce president Tom Donohue's.) As evidence, the Undemocratic Camp pointed to the attorney general's September 2003 settlement with Alliance Capital Management and other mutual funds. Spitzer's office found that some mutual fund companies had engaged in tawdry after-hours trading—profitable for their hedge-fund buddies but costly to their individual investors. Moreover, Spitzer felt that the fees some funds charged their customers were too high. As part of (yet another) out-of-court settlement, Alliance cut its fees by 20 percent, froze that rate for five years, and began a host of other reforms.

Spitzer was reforming by fiat, critics in the Undemocratic Camp said. Legislatures are supposed to come up with the rules, and attorney generals are supposed to enforce the rules. But Spitzer was making up new rules as he went along. And all came with a high price tag: Alliance Capital's reforms cost an estimated $300 million. Plus the $100 million in penalties it forked over. Plus another $150 million in returned profits.

And there were other costs. Afraid they might become Spitzer's next target, companies began hiring former Spitzer lieutenants, donating to Spitzer's campaigns, capitulating to the attorney general's every whim. The line between Spitzer's office and Wall Street began to blur. Eric Dinallo left the Investment Protection Bureau for a job at Morgan Stanley as "managing director of regulatory affairs." His replacement, David D. Brown IV, came to Spitzer's office from Goldman Sachs. In the fall of 2004, after Spitzer told reporters he couldn't work with Marsh & McLellan's current leadership, the firm's board purged then-CEO Jeffrey Greenberg. Greenberg's replacement was lawyer-executive Michael Cherkasky, who had spent only ten years in the insurance industry.

But Cherkasky had more important credentials. Specifically: He was a close friend of Spitzer's. He had been Spitzer's boss at the Manhattan district attorney's office, and he was one of Spitzer's longtime political contributors. Spitzer began to face conflict-of-interest accusations himself. A further example: Last year Spitzer filed suit over former New York Stock Exchange chairman Richard Grasso's $139.5 million compensation package. Home Depot cofounder Ken Langone was named as a defendant. Who did Langone hire for his defense? Attorney Gary Naftalis—who, according to *Newsweek*, had donated $10,000 to the attorney general's coffers.

Read the millions of words that have been written about Eliot Spitzer (those by *Newsweek*'s Charles Gasparino in particular), and you learn some disturbing facts. You learn that a year before Spitzer sued GlaxoSmithKline, drug giant Eli Lilly gave him $5,000. You learn that the mutual fund companies which weren't implicated in the attorney general's investigations routinely donated to Spitzer. And you learn that former Democratic candidate for New York governor and prominent New York Stock Exchange board member Carl McCall—who signed off on Grasso's huge payday—conspicuously was *not* named as a defendant in the Grasso compensation suit (not, Spitzer's office assures, for any reason remotely related to partisan politics).

Burrow through all this material, and suddenly you are struck with the impolite notion that maybe the attorney general isn't saving—or even *practicing*—capitalism. Shear away all the highfalutin' language, and you begin to think that Spitzer looks more like a traditional political boss: rewarding his friends, and punishing his enemies.

He has a vastly more high-minded explanation for what he's up to, of course—and the language he uses to explain it comes from American conservatives.

It's hard not to notice: Over the past 25 years the num-



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ber of Americans who own stocks and bonds has skyrocketed. According to the Federal Reserve's survey of consumer finances, in 1983, 19 percent of American households owned stocks. In 1989 the number was 32 percent. In 1995, 41 percent. In 2001, 51.9 percent. The current number won't be released until 2006, but if the past is any indication, expect it to have grown.

What all this *means* is more difficult to discern. The economic dimension of the investor explosion is straightforward enough, one supposes: More stockowners means more money in the stock market. But the social dimension is a different story; hardly anyone talks about who all these new stockholders are, where they live, why they enter the market, and what impact, if any, owning stock has on their everyday life. There's little talk of these new stockowners as individuals.

But there is a whole lot of talk about them as a class. Sometime in the late 1990s, conservatives noticed that while the investor explosion was significant in the population at large, it was even more significant in the voting population. A full two-thirds of voters, perhaps more, own stock. According to an Investors Action exit poll taken on Election Day 2004, 70 percent of voters owned some sort of stock.

Conservatives used to cast a wary eye on class politics. But that was when the classes involved were sullen proletarians and priggish patricians. Today a whole cottage industry has sprung up to promote the "investor class" as the keystone supporting the Republican majority. As magazine publisher and political strategist Richard Nadler, who popularized the idea of the "investor class," put it: "It stands to reason" that the investor class's "growth would benefit Republicans," because "high-income voters trend Republican." To enter capital markets, so the theory goes, is to undergo a transformative experience. If you own stock, the investor-class theorists preach, you'll save more, spend less, start reading the *Wall Street Journal*, and no longer support government intrusion into the economy. If you are bald, you'll grow hair. If you are a Democrat, you'll vote Republican.

Actually, if you are a Democrat who owns stock, you probably won't turn into a Republican. Consider: According to the 2000 Rasmussen Portrait of America exit poll, 51 percent of voters who owned more than $5,000 in "equities, bonds, and mutual funds" cast their ballots for George W. Bush. Al Gore, by contrast, received the support of 45 percent of investors. Now compare those numbers to last year's. According to the 2004 Investors Action poll, Bush received the votes of 52 percent of investors last November. John Kerry received the votes of 46 percent of investors. Which is to say: Over a period of four years in which the number of stock-owning households no doubt increased, there was no significant change—close to no change at all, in fact—in investor voting patterns.

The theory of the investor class, it turns out, is long on assertion and supposition but short on evidence. And yet, conservatives—who are normally alert to the limitations of crude economic determinism—have tended to swoon over the investor-class thesis. "Rather than 52 percent of Americans owning stocks and bonds," writes Stephen Moore in his new book *Bullish on Bush*, "the Bush [Social Security] plan would rocket that share up to 80 or perhaps even 90 percent." To which the average conservative reader these days may react: "Think of all the new Republicans there will be!"

But while universal stock ownership may be desirable for other reasons—most economists believe that lower-income Americans would benefit from having at least some of their savings in stocks—it hardly guarantees political catnip for Republicans. For one thing, if 80 or 90 percent of Americans own stocks and bonds, "investors" will no longer be a class at all—unless it's the class of all voters, in both parties. Furthermore—and more immediately—there's a corollary to the investor-class thesis that favors Democrats. As more people enter the market, they may turn to politicians who offer protection from rapacious capitalists and irresponsible money managers. Burned by market downturns, they will want politicians to go after those who did them harm. And those politicians, in turn, will say they are "saving" markets in the process. Politicians like Eliot Spitzer.

There is no Democrat more in love with the conservative theory of the investor class. Spitzer mentions it in interviews, he mentions it in speeches, he writes essays about it for the *New Republic*. Yes, yes, yes, he croons, let more people enter the market, and let them come to me when they get skunked. Investor-class enthusiasts recoil at this line of argument. But they don't have a persuasive answer to it.

One day this winter, I went to see Spitzer in his Manhattan office. It's on the 13th floor of a Broadway skyscraper in the city's financial district, and it is big and clean and has a view. The bay windows along the far wall look out at the pit where the Twin Towers once stood. It was a clear day and from the window you could see the great cranes building the new World Trade Center.

Spitzer sat down, crossed his legs, and talked about the investor class. "I ask myself, 'What is it out there that has resonated with folks?'" he said. "And it was evidently clear that there was this enormous group of Americans who are now participants in the marketplace. And this is a wonderful thing. And whether you call it the ownership society or the investor class, there is this huge swath of



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America that has mutual funds, 401(k)s, day-traders for a little while, but they have taken this wealth that has accreted to the middle class, and invested it—not just in houses but in equities.

"And it's helped capital formation. It's been a remarkable success story. And if we don't protect it, and say to them, 'Yes, we've encouraged you to invest with us, and the game is unfair'—if we fail to make the game fair, then they'll retreat from the marketplace. And they'll say, 'Well, wait a minute. You guys scammed us. You wanted us to invest so you could get rich off our money. Not so that we do well together.'"

He paused thoughtfully.

"And what I—what we—tried to do subsequently is make the game fair. Not a game where you don't lose—you win, you lose, that's the nature of the market—but make it fair in the sense of disclosure and honest information upon which you can make a decision."

He inhaled and clasped his hands. "I tried to sell John Kerry on the notion of arguing that we were the better voice for the investor class," he said.

"All summer we tried. All year we tried. And they rejected that notion to their detriment. I said to Kerry and his campaign, 'You guys are missing the argument. Not only are you missing the argument that we as a party understand the role of markets and the importance of keeping them fair and honest, but worse, from a lawyer's perspective,' I said, 'they're going to steal it from us. And they're going to claim the mantle of the ownership society, even though we are the ones who've been willing to challenge the system to make sure it's fair, and they're the voice of the status quo.'"

And what was Kerry's response? "They descended into their typical yammering. That's why that campaign was devoid of ideas." He shook his head. "Washington waste."

Spitzer, on the other hand, is the sort of politician who is fond of big theories. It's what attracted him to the idea of the investor class. It's what gives him cachet with the press. It's also what lends him a reputation as an arrogant know-it-all—which reputation is only enhanced by interviews like this one, from a get-to-know-the-candidates exchange published in *Newsday* in 1994:

"Q: Who's your favorite Beatle? SPITZER: I don't know. My favorite composer is Brahms."

He's not the sort of politician you'd invite to the neighborhood kegger, in other words.

But that may not matter. When Spitzer declared his gubernatorial candidacy last December, the election was still over 20 months away. Today he is the only announced candidate in the race, and, over a year out, he is in a strong position. After he announced his candidacy in December 2004, his approval rating was 60 percent among Democrats and 63 percent among Republicans. As of January 1, he had $7.8 million in cash on hand.

Investor-class rhetoric notwithstanding, however, Spitzer's positions are dim, his politics a haze. His economic plan? According to the *Atlantic*, he told union bosses in upstate New York that "We've got to somehow create a new economic model that's going to get jobs here."

For someone who likes big ideas, Spitzer avoids talking about policy, and instead wraps himself in the fuzzy blanket of "problem solving." He told *New York*: "We're going to need somebody who can say, 'Wait a minute: Here's the problem, here are the facts, here are the value judgments, here's the way we will apportion burdens in getting to answers.'" He told the *Harvard Political Review*: "I would move into the Albany decision-making process and, with no regard for special interests, make sure that the state is led in the interests of its people." He told me:

*After he announced his candidacy in December 2004, his approval rating was 60 percent among Democrats and 63 percent among Republicans.*

> As governor, you make triage decisions. You are, to a great extent, allocating scarce resources among competing but all good objectives. You want to fund more education, more health care, more infrastructure, lower taxes, reduce debts, and it's a resource constraint that limits your ability to do things that are unquestionably good, so you have to say no to good things here. You're saying no to good ideas.

A Spitzer supporter hears such answers and pronounces them deep, even profound. A Spitzer critic says, Yes, they're profound—profoundly shallow. But what both the supporters and critics miss is that such sentiments—in fact, nearly all of Spitzer's stated political positions—are opaque. The man is an empty vessel, into which flow the aspirations of liberals, the anxieties of businessmen, and the heroic narratives of idolators.

Toward the end of our conversation, I noticed the black and white photograph of Theodore Roosevelt that hangs in Spitzer's office.

Spitzer's eyes lit up, and his mouth stretched into a wide, goofy grin. "You see, the amazing thing is, he's everybody's icon these days," he said. "And the question is: What does he really stand for?" ♦



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# What Happened at Fatima

## *John Paul II, Lucia dos Santos, and the end of communism*

**By Joseph Bottum**

Here's a curious thought. Maybe the single most important person in the 20th century's long struggle against communism wasn't Ronald Reagan. Maybe it wasn't Karol Wojtyla or Margaret Thatcher, Lech Walesa or Václav Havel, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn or Mikhail Gorbachev. Maybe it wasn't anyone whose name might leap to a cold warrior's mind—for the most important figure in that long, dark struggle might have been a 10-year-old girl named Lucia dos Santos.

You remember her, of course. It was Lucia who went out one day in 1917 with her cousins Francisco and Jacinta Martos to tend the family's sheep—and ended up having a talk about Godless Russia with the Blessed Virgin Mary near a little place in northern Portugal called Fatima.

Or do you remember her? Lucia dos Santos died on Sunday, February 13, at age 97. And for much of her life, cloistered in her Carmelite convent in Portugal, she seemed, well, what? An embarrassment, perhaps: an open invitation for mockery from nonbelievers, a creaky medievalism, a throwback to the kind of peasant superstition modern Catholics hoped would no longer be held against them.

There were certainly waves of enthusiasm about Fatima in Europe and the United States in the years following World War I. But gradually after World War II, and increasingly after the modernizing changes of Vatican II, the cult of Fatima seemed to have lived on too long, like mold in an abandoned crypt—a final catacomb for the bitter and the disaffected: the orphaned throne-and-altar royalists, the bypassed ultramontanists, the rejecters of Vatican II, and all the dark, unhappy people who thought the Catholic church had abandoned them, in one way or another, for a mess of pottage at the modern world's table.

Fatima's continued existence was *annoying*, more or less, for educated American Catholics, who believed they had made a good-faith effort to reconcile their religion and the twentieth century. This was their grandmothers' Catholicism, which they thought they had escaped. It was an embarrassing spirituality of scapulars and rosaries, miracles and visions—an outdated religion of pilgrimages and prayers for the conversion of Russia, of hushed speculation about the "third secret of Fatima" and angry disputation about whether or not the pope had actually dedicated Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, as Our Lady demanded of those three little children in Portugal.

Worse, there was something not just premodern, but consciously antimodern about all of it. A day in which you can pack up your Polaroid and fly to Europe in a jumbo jet to see a visitation of the Blessed Virgin—surely that's supposed to be a day in which we don't have visitations of the Blessed Virgin anymore.

And then there was the anticommunism of Fatima. "Russia will spread its errors throughout the world, raising up wars and persecutions of the Church. The good will be martyred, the Holy Father will have much to suffer, and various nations will be annihilated," the Blessed Virgin warned in 1917. The world was going to suffer "by means of war, hunger, and persecution," and Russia was the "instrument of chastisement."

The Catholic Church was never in much danger of becoming actively pro-Communist. As early as 1846, Pius IX condemned "that infamous doctrine of so-called communism which is absolutely contrary to the natural law itself, and if once adopted would utterly destroy the rights, property, and possessions of all men, and even society itself." In 1878, the prolific Leo XIII named communism

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a "fatal plague which insinuates itself into the very marrow of human society only to bring about its ruin." And in 1937, Pius XI issued an entire encyclical, *Divini Redemptoris*, in an effort to educate Catholics and non-Catholics alike about the dangers of "a world organization as vast as Russian communism."

Still, by the later part of the 20th century, such talk had come to seem a little dated for enlightened people—or even dangerous, for those who believed the world was threatened most of all by the U.S. commitment to nuclear deterrence against the Soviet Union. When the bishops of South America met in Colombia in 1968 and defined a "preferential option for the poor," they did not intend a full embrace of Marxism. Indeed, they imagined they were developing an answer to the conditions that drew people to communism. But Latin American theologians and radicalized Catholic missionaries from the United States quickly seized upon the notion to announce a new "Theology of Liberation," born from the essential unity of Catholicism and Marxism—a declaration that Communists were merely Christians in a hurry and that scientific atheism was a disposable element in Karl Marx's writing.

With the collapse of the Soviet bloc after 1989, liberation theology finally lost the fight to capture Catholic theological and intellectual circles. But there were moments in the 1970s when the liberationists looked ready to triumph, and against them stood what? A church hierarchy gradually weakening its official opposition to communism, a handful of Catholic cold warriors in the United States, a young anti-Communist archbishop in Poland who would become Pope John Paul II in 1978—and the embarrassingly dated visions of a little Portuguese nun named Sister Lucia.

When the 93-year-old Sister Lucia met with a messenger from the pope in 2000, she repeated, one last time, her conviction that the visions of Fatima concerned "above all the struggle of atheistic communism against the Church and against Christians." Those visions began in the spring of 1916, according to the children's report, when Lucia, Francisco, and Jacinta were visited three times by an angel, who told them he was the guardian angel of Portugal and urged them to pray and prepare themselves.

The next spring, eight months after the angel's final visit, the Virgin Mary herself began to speak to them. Lucia had just had her tenth birthday, Francisco would turn 9 in June, and Jacinta was 7, when, on May 13, 1917, they took their sheep to a small hollow known as *a Cova da Iria*, the "Cove of Irene." And there, around noon, a beautiful lady appeared near an oak tree, telling them to say the rosary every day, "to bring peace to the world and an end to the war," and promising to visit them again "on the thirteenth of each month" for the next five months.

The children agreed they wouldn't tell anyone about the lady, but Jacinta couldn't keep the news to herself, and she told her parents what had happened in the cove. By all accounts, her father tended to believe her, while her mother thought she was imagining things. But they told their neighbors about the girl's story, and those neighbors told their neighbors, and those neighbors told theirs, and within a few months all of Portugal was in an uproar.

Perhaps 70 people came to the cove on June 13 to watch the children receive the second visit, in which Lucia was told that Francisco and Jacinta would not live long. Several hundred attended the third visit in July, when the children received what came to be known as the "great vision," in which the beautiful lady predicted another great war, the spread of Russia's errors, and, yes, *something else*—the third secret the children were ordered not to tell, the prediction sealed in the Vatican's vaults, the great mystery that dominated discussions of Fatima for the next 70 years.

Portugal at the time was a republic led by a strongly anticlerical party, and the government in Lisbon apparently feared a nascent peasant revolt was brewing in the religious revival emerging from Fatima. On the morning of August 13, the local civil administrator arrested the children and hauled them away to the district headquarters in Vila Nova de Ourem—where, by several accounts, he locked them in cells with "criminals" and threatened them with "boiling in oil."

It didn't have the effect for which the government had hoped. The children refused to recant, the crowds grew larger, and, under enormous public pressure, the frightened administrator returned the children, unceremoniously pushing them out of his car in front of the rectory in Fatima two days later, and driving away as fast as he could before the townspeople caught him. The delayed apparition came on Sunday, August 19, when the children were alone.

At the September apparition, Lucia, Francisco, and Jacinta were surrounded by 30,000 people, an enormous crowd for rural Portugal in 1917. And when the news spread that Mary had promised a visible sign, the witnesses swelled to 70,000 on October 13 to watch "the miracle of the sun." Amidst all the enthusiasm and mass hysteria, the ecstatic stories of the sun breaking through the clouds and dancing across the sky, there are some surprisingly sober accounts—mostly by reporters from anticlerical newspapers and skeptical academics who had come to watch the crowd. "The sun's disc did not remain immobile. This was not the sparkling of a heavenly body, for it



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*John Paul II with Lucia dos Santos, May 12, 2000*

spun round on itself in a mad whirl," wrote a professor from the University of Coimbra. "Then, suddenly, one heard a clamor, a cry of anguish breaking from all the people. The sun, whirling wildly, seemed to loosen itself from the firmament and advance threateningly upon the earth as if to crush us with its huge and fiery weight. The sensation during those moments was terrible."

As the beautiful lady predicted, two of the children died young—Francisco in 1919, a few months before his eleventh birthday, and Jacinta in 1920, at age 10—both carried away in the influenza epidemic that followed World War I. The Catholic Church waited until 1930 before cautiously approving prayer at Fatima as "not necessarily contrary to the faith." The cult of Our Lady of Fatima survived through the twentieth century, but seemed to be a declining devotion, particularly among educated Americans. Sermons and catechism classes as late as the 1950s were filled with references to the visions of Lucia, Francisco, and Jacinta. Yet a child who passed through Catholic education in the second half of the century would emerge with little more than a vague memory of having once or twice heard the word Fatima.

But then, on May 13, 1991, Pope John Paul II made a visit to Portugal and drew again to the cove the huge crowds he always attracted. And while there, he did something curious and, at the time, inexplicable: He took the bullet with which he had been shot 10 years before and placed it in the crown of the statue of Mary at the site of the original apparitions.

It wasn't till 2000, when Francisco and Jacinta were finally beatified, that the Vatican offered an explanation—and, along the way, revealed Sister Lucia's text of the third secret of Fatima, locked in the Vatican archives since 1957. The hidden part of the vision of July 13 predicted the persecution of the Church and the shooting of a pope. John Paul II had come to the conclusion that the prophecy was fulfilled by the murder attempt of May 13, 1981, when the Turkish assassin Mehmet Ali Agca shot him in St. Peter's Square.

Indeed, for the pope, it all comes together: the repeated thirteens in the dates, the vision of a gun aimed at a pope, even the anticommunism. His latest book, *Memory and Identity*—a collection of philosophical conversations published last week in Italian and due out in English at the end of April—insists upon the centrality of Fatima. The assassination attempt was "not [Agca's] initiative, someone else masterminded it, and someone else commissioned it," he declares, blaming the Soviet bloc for the shooting. It was a "last convulsion" of communism, trying vainly to hold back the tide that had turned against it. And the cause for that turn against the Soviet system? In part, at least—in large part, perhaps—the prayers and the attitudes inspired by the visions of Lucia, Francisco, and Jacinta at Fatima.

In many ways, John Paul II seems simultaneously far behind and far ahead of the rest of the world—as though he had rediscovered the past not by retreating but by advancing, coming out at the far end of modern times, smiling and secure. He was the one who saw nothing antimodern, or even unmodern, in going to pray at the sites of ancient faith—and nothing contradictory in using a jet to do it. He was the one who thought it perfectly possible that the Blessed Virgin Mary might appear in the modern age: in 1917 to a group of children in Portugal, or today, for that matter, to someone else.

And most of all, John Paul II was the one who saw that the anti-Communist visions of Fatima weren't some withdrawal into a reactionary past, but an accurate prediction of the direction modern times should take—a path by which a very old form of Catholic spirituality had taught the common people to resist the Marxism their educated coreligionists had come to assume was the inevitable shape of the future. When the 97-year-old Lucia dos Santos slipped away on February 13—again, that thirteenth day—she received innumerable tributes from around the world. But she was little praised for the thing she may have done best: bringing an end to the Soviet Union. ♦



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# The Horror, the Horror!

## *H.P. Lovecraft enters the American canon*

By Michael Dirda

Allen Koszowski

No full understanding of modern literature is possible without taking into account an exceedingly peculiar, self-educated, semi-recluse from Providence named Howard Phillips Lovecraft.

That is a conclusion no one, including Lovecraft himself, would have predicted. As he was dying in 1937 at age forty-six, he may well have felt he had lived in vain. His stories—sixty or seventy works of various lengths and completeness—resided in scattered notebooks and throwaway pulp magazines, uncollected and unlikely to be remembered.

But it now seems beyond dispute that H.P. Lovecraft is the most important American writer of weird fiction in the twentieth century—and one of the century's most influential writers of *any* kind of fiction. His admirers range from the Argentine fabulist Jorge Luis Borges to such contemporary masters of darkness as Stephen King and Neil Gaiman. Each year winners of the "World Fantasy Award" take home a trophy modeled on Lovecraft's gaunt, lantern-jawed face. Nearly every author of supernatural fiction and dark fantasy sooner or later tries his hand at a Lovecraftian homage or pastiche.

In fact, H.P. Lovecraft now seems almost as iconic and influential as the original American master of the macabre, Edgar Allan Poe. A selection of Lovecraft's tales, edited by novelist Peter Straub, has just been issued by the Library of America, and there shouldn't be any fussing that a writer of "pulp horror" has been honored with such a volume. Out of such New England towns as "witch-cursed, legend-haunted" Arkham, "crumbling, half-deserted" Innsmouth, and degenerate Dunwich and Kingsport, Lovecraft created a province of the imagination as vivid as William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County—and he did so in prose as distinctive and powerful as Ernest Hemingway's or Raymond Chandler's.

**H.P. Lovecraft**
*Tales*
edited by Peter Straub
Library of America, 828 pp., $35

But say the name H.P. Lovecraft, and there will be immediate snickering about that style. Portentous, overblown, corny—these are the usual dismissive adjectives. And, truth be told, Lovecraft did favor words like "eldritch," "Cyclopean," and "eidolon." He referred frequently to Miskatonic University's rare copy—"one of six extant"—of the accursed *Necronomicon* of a mad Arab named Abdul Alhazred, and he created a pantheon of evil gods (who are actually extraterrestrials) with such nearly unpronounceable names as Nyarlothotep, Yog-Sothoth, and Shub-Niggurath (or "The Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young," as it's sometimes called). Even his titles often sound a bit hokey or camp: "The Colour Out of

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Space," "The Rats in the Walls," "The Whisperer in Darkness," "The Dunwich Horror."

But what makes Lovecraft so overwhelming to sympathetic readers isn't his sometimes overheated prose—any more than the Grand Guignol of his plots (revival of the dead, the swapping of minds, aliens among us) or his philosophy of "cosmicism," which reduces mankind's role in the universe to a bit part, hardly even a walk-on. What matters is that he possesses the storyteller's greatest gift, the one Nabokov called *shamanstvo*: the "enchanter quality." This narrative sorcery derives, to a great extent, from Lovecraft's mastery of atmosphere—created by the very prose for which he is mocked. Read almost any story's opening sentence, quietly suggestive of a world suddenly grown uncanny, and the spell is cast:

- "When a traveler in north central Massachusetts takes the wrong fork at the junction of Aylesbury pike just beyond Dean's Corners he comes upon a lonely and curious country" ("The Dunwich Horror").
- "I am forced into speech because men of science have refused to follow my advice without knowing why" (*At the Mountains of Madness*).
- "West of Arkham the hills rise wild, and there are valleys with deep woods that no axe has ever cut" ("The Colour Out of Space").
- "I have examined maps of the city with the greatest care, yet have never again found the Rue d'Auseil" ("The Music of Erich Zann").

The voice of the narrator—often an academic or antiquarian—is at first calm, logical, nearly reportorial; here are no fanciful speculations but hard facts, however odd, and clear-eyed observations, however disturbing. Lovecraft firmly believed that the successful weird tale should be faithfully realistic except for the one, shattering incursion from the Outside. Still, from the beginning of each narrative he hints (then more than hints) that something is awry, off-kilter, not quite right. To convey this pervasive uneasiness, his most powerful word is often nothing more fancy than "too": "The trees grew too quickly, and their trunks were too big for any healthy New England wood. There was too much silence in the dim alleys between them, and the floor was too soft with the dank moss and mattings of infinite years of decay."

Occasionally Lovecraft's openings also plant quiet clues about the final horrific revelation: When he states that an apparent madman "bore the name of Charles Dexter Ward," misdirection can hardly grow more subtle. But as the stories progress, so does their sense of urgency, and the prose often grows dionysian and phantasmagoric. How else can one describe violations of nature and visitations by the absolutely Other?

Lovecraft's creepiest moments sometimes include such things as the sexual confusions of "The Thing on the Doorstep" and the echoes of the Crucifixion in the closing pages of "The Dunwich Horror." But inevitably, the last paragraphs or even the last sentence of a Lovecraft story elicits a final shattering epiphany, frequently delivered in italics, with the shriek of insanity in every syllable, as when "The Rats in the Walls" ends: "*Magna Mater! Magna Mater! . . . Atys . . . Dia ad aghaidh's ad nodann. . . . agus bas dunach ort! Dhonas's dholas ort, agus lealt-sa . . . Ungl . . . ungl . . . rrlh . . . chchch. . . .*"

In his early tales—those written before the late 1920s—Lovecraft tended to focus on human-scaled horrors. He wanted (in the words of the Fat Boy in Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*) "to make your flesh creep." But his later work often added a cosmic dimension and the concomitant sense of wonder of science fiction, as when "The Shadow Out of Time" lyricizes, with an occasional shudder, about things to come and things that have been. As Lovecraft wrote in his masterly essay, "Supernatural Horror in Literature," he aimed to excite "in the reader a profound sense of dread, and of contact with unknown spheres and powers, a subtle attitude of awed listening, as if for the beating of black wings or the scratching of outside shapes and entities on the known universe's utmost rim." That notion of "awed listening" is particularly potent, for many of his ill-starred characters seem, just before their doom, to be listening for something—the scurrying of rats or a strange whistling, or perhaps a peculiar buzzing sound or even "a rhythmical surging or lapping, as of the waves on some level beach."

A classic ghost story, no matter how frightening, generally confirms our fundamental metaphysical assumptions, even while playing upon primordial fears or showing us the malign, but oddly just, working out of an inexorable destiny. By contrast, the weird tale, especially in the "cosmic" form Lovecraft came to prefer, casts doubt upon everything we think we know—and so leaves us reeling. Our shiny and solid world turns out to be nothing but a flimsy puppet show, intended to distract us from the truth. We have been lulled—but for what purpose?—into a shallow, existential complacency. Life is but a dream. Or nightmare. One day the hapless and innocent suddenly realize that unknown forces have led to "a suspension or defeat of those fixed laws of Nature which are our only safeguard against the assaults of chaos and the daemons of unplumbed space."

"The most merciful thing in the world," claims the fearful narrator of Lovecraft's key work, "The Call of Cthulhu," is "the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far. . . . But some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our frightful position therein, that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age."

Just so, in Lovecraft story after story, a character gradually detects an unsuspected pattern behind various oddities, folkloristic rituals, or ancient legends—



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and this dossier of anomalies brings him to the abyss as surely as it brought Kurtz in Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. After horrible imaginings the scholar-scientists finally arrive at even more horrible certainties. Those unlucky enough to survive drag out their broken lives, crushed by ghastly knowledge or the memory of unwholesome rituals, vainly hoping to dismiss their discoveries as nightmares, insanity, or delusion. Alas, as one of them admits, "no madness of mine could account for all the evidence."

At its most ambitious, Lovecraft's supernatural horror aims to create in the reader a spiritual vertigo akin to that experienced by his racked protagonists. Could all history be, in fact, a sham, with the Earth's true masters hidden from us? Are we the playthings of a Great Race from beyond the solar system? Is our very identity uncertain and friable? Lovecraft answers yes to all these questions, even while recognizing that humankind cannot bear very much reality. Old Ones and crab-like fungi from Yuggoth may lurk in backwoods New England. Somewhere under the waves Great Cthulhu lies dreaming in his nightmare corpse-city of R'lyeh, patiently waiting for the stars to come right again. There are doubtless things at the South Pole that don't belong there. Some unfortunate souls have even seen, to their dismay, the pit of the Shoggoths.

Peter Straub's selection from Lovecraft for the Library of America could hardly be bettered, though it does contain one or two weak pieces, such as the amusingly macabre serial "Herbert West—Reanimator." Straub excludes Lovecraft's more lyrical fantasies, influenced by the singing prose of Lord Dunsany, and you will look in vain for such an evocative, if minor, tale as "The Doom That Came To Sarnath" or the shambolic novel *The Dream Quest of Unknown Kadath.* Some space should surely have been allocated for Lovecraft's miscellaneous nonfiction—in particular "Supernatural Horror in Literature." That is the essay in which he traces his genre's history, lingering over the dark splendors of Poe, the influence of Nathaniel Hawthorne, especially in *The House of the Seven Gables* (which he judged American literature's finest novel of the supernatural), and the achievements of his own magnificent contemporaries.

In fact, Lovecraft often borrows or builds on his predecessors' themes and ideas. Surely there are touches of Algernon Blackwood's "The Wendigo" in "The Dunwich Horror," of William Hope Hodgson's *The House on the Borderland* in "The Whisperer in Darkness," of Arthur Machen's "Novel of the Black Powder" in "Cool Air"—even of Arthur Conan Doyle's humorous "Great Keinplatz Experiment" in Lovecraft's terrifying "The Thing on the Doorstep" and of M.R. James's "Canon Alberic's Scrapbook" in the final lines of "Pickman's Model." But all these borrowings are transmuted by Lovecraft's own dark artistic alchemy.

*The young H.P. Lovecraft*

Brown University Library

Most people discover H.P. Lovecraft through such anthology standards as "The Rats in the Walls" and "The Colour Out of Space." But some of his greatest admirers eventually come to prefer his nonfiction, especially his correspondence. Anyone who reads even selections from Lovecraft's letters (it's said that fifteen thousand survive) discovers a clear, vigorous prose and a wide-ranging intellect—together with a solid chunk of racism and anti-Semitism.

A descendant of early American settlers, Lovecraft believed in what he felt were sturdy Yankee virtues (especially abstemiousness and self-control). He also admired eighteenth-century Britain for its aristocratic elegance and enlightened deism, and he shuddered at the teeming lowlife of New York. Immigrants, he felt, should assimilate and model their comportment after that of proper white, Anglo-Saxon Americans. Many critics have pointed out that "Arthur Jermyn" and "The Shadow Over Innsmouth"—some of whose characters are not entirely human—may be interpreted as warnings about the supposed horrors attendant upon miscegenation.

Born in 1890, Howard Phillips Lovecraft grew up in a well-to-do family, learned to read very early, and composed his first work of prose, "The Noble Eavesdropper," at the age of seven—unsurprisingly, it concerns "a boy who overheard some horrible conclave of subterranean beings in a cave." Lovecraft's salesman father died young from syphilis, and soon thereafter the family fortune disappeared. Nonetheless, this skinny, horse-faced intellectual, with a high piping voice, a love for astronomy, and no regular income, managed to devote his entire life to writing. He earned a pittance revising other people's stories and proofreading articles and books (most notably, *A History of Dartmouth College*).

Along the way, he corresponded regularly with scores of lively, original



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thinkers and writers, including Robert E. Howard (of *Conan the Barbarian* fame), fantasist Clark Ashton Smith (whom he called "Klarkash-Ton"), Robert Bloch (author of *Psycho*), and the versatile Fritz Leiber, arguably his only real, and very different, rival among night's black agents. Through a poet friend, Lovecraft met Hart Crane, and he once ghostwrote a story for Harry Houdini called "Under the Pyramids."

More surprising than any of this may be the fact that Lovecraft—undersexed, neurasthenic, a Mama's boy—actually got married in 1924, to a Jewish woman who described him, *mirabile dictu*, as "an adequately excellent lover." The couple resided in hated New York City for two years, until the marriage broke up and Lovecraft happily moved back home to Providence. In his later years, this once wholly introspective voyager traveled all around eastern America, from Quebec to New Orleans, from Cleveland to Key West.

He actually competed in an ice-cream eating contest and was reportedly offered the editorship of a periodical called the *Magazine of Fun*. He remained an almost literally starving writer, however, with so little income at one point that he ate his suppers out of cans, being unable to afford a stove. A typical dinner might consist of cold hot dogs, biscuits, and mayonnaise. Lovecraft died from cancer in 1937: forty-six years old and apparently doomed to be forgotten.

Except that he wasn't. His circle of admirers proved to be fanatically devoted. August Derleth founded Arkham House to publish his hero's works in hardcover and in 1939 produced a mammoth collection, *The Outsider and Others*. Following upon the example of Frank Belknap Long's "The Hounds of Tindalos," other writers quickly began to add their own stories set in the fictional universe Lovecraft had created (which became known, somewhat incorrectly, as the "Cthulhu Mythos").

Continuations and pastiches of Lovecraft have proliferated ever since. Most recently that influence may be glimpsed in spooky television shows and antiquarian gothics about global conspiracies, accursed manuscripts and secret brotherhoods. Scholarship has also flourished. Over the past quarter century, the tireless and meticulous S.T. Joshi has established definitive texts for the stories, written Lovecraft's biography, edited various compilations of his nonfiction and correspondence, and annotated almost everything. Through such efforts, and those of specialty publishers and university presses, nearly everything Lovecraft ever scribbled is in print or soon will be.

In *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward* we are given a warning: "Doe not call up Any that you cannot put downe." With the appearance of this Library of America volume, it is clear that H.P. Lovecraft has been called up and can no longer be put down. This once little-known horror writer has reached out from beyond the grave to claim his rightful place as a grand master of visionary fiction. ♦

# I Remember Marlon

*George Englund's tale of a difficult friendship with Marlon Brando.* **BY CYNTHIA GRENIER**

Marlon Brando left his indelible imprint on two generations of American actors—and not just American: Actors from nearly every country reflect something of his style. He was an icon, for good or for ill, and icons by their nature tend to be largely mythic beings, receiving all manner of interpretation. Brando is certainly no exception.

**The Way It's Never Been Done Before**
*My Friendship with Marlon Brando*
by George Englund
HarperEntertainment, 292 pp., $25.95

The director George Englund was a friend from their first meeting in 1956 at a Hollywood party where Brando sought Englund's help in fending off an exceedingly determined Anna Magnani. "I need some protection," said Marlon.

So he took Englund (and Englund's then-wife Cloris Leachman) along with Magnani, insisting he had to drive the Englunds home to Fresno because of some strange medical condition of Englund's eyes that prevented his driving at night.

Despite Magnani's angry protests, Brando dropped the actress off at her hotel and began a five-decade friendship with Englund.

From that night until Brando's death in June 2004 at age eighty—when Englund was the last person to see him—the two men's lives intertwined. Englund's *The Way It's Never Been Done Before: My Friendship with Marlon Brando* is no conventional movie-star biography. Englund confines himself to recollections of moments he and Brando shared. Whole decades pass with hardly more than a linking sentence. There's no feel of prettying or whitewashing of the past.

It was Brando who suggested Englund's writing some years ago. "Write about anything, write about something you know," suggested Brando. And so, without telling Brando, Englund began putting down on paper the scenes, incidents, and conversations he and Brando had been having over the decades. Some of the scenes are grim, such as Englund's final visit, when Brando had oxygen tubes in his nose and was suffering from considerable pain. Others are disarmingly blithe,

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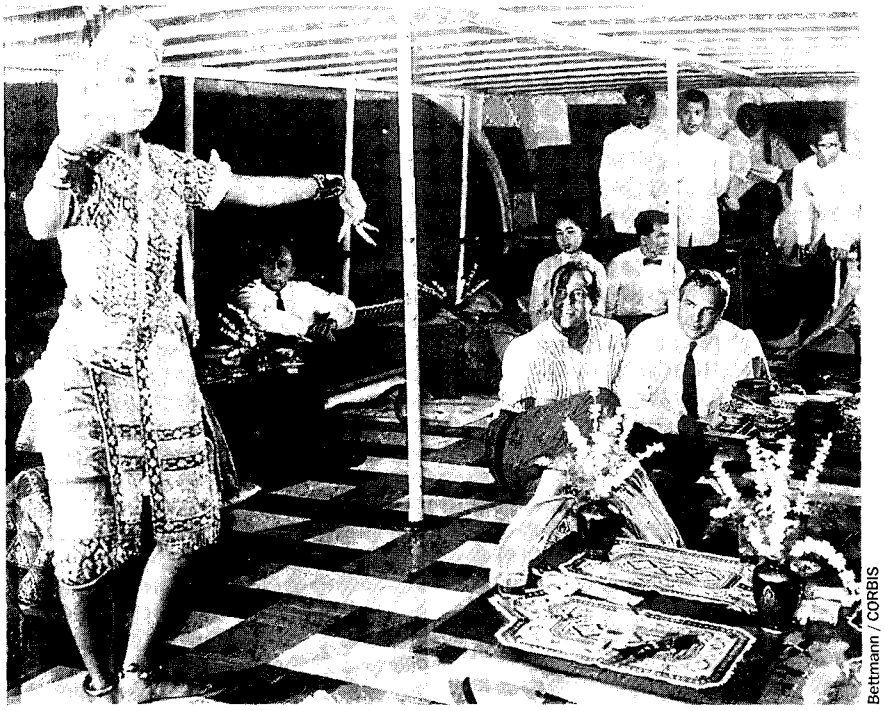
such as Brando's first date in Hollywood with the Indian actress Anna Kashfi, a woman he would marry and divorce within a little more than a year. Yet others balance comedy and a kind of ghastly horror, such as a business meeting with Englund, Brando, and his father, then CEO of Brando's production company—when, as Englund describes it, "a quiet madness prevailed."

And then there is the night in Washington, a few weeks after President Kennedy's assassination, when Englund brings Brando over to Averell Harriman's house, where the president's widow and her sister Lee Radziwill are staying. After quite a few martinis, they decide to go out for dinner. Englund calls the Jockey Club, arranges for a quiet table in the rear, but their walking through the main room causes a sensation and before they can order, word comes that the press is on its way. What ensues is a hectic scene, followed by a touching recollection of Jackie Kennedy recalling her husband's death to Englund while Brando and her sister are in the kitchen making omelets.

One thing that drew the two men together was the difficult relations they had with their fathers—or, in Englund's case, no relations. Englund had actually not known his father, an alcoholic who dropped out of his son's life when the boy was six months old. As for Brando, Englund writes, "Constantly in his youth Marlon was fed his father's anger and alcoholism, forced to endure the man's absences and learn of his infidelities. When his father did come home, he was derisive, dismissive, and derogatory about his son's ability to do anything. Mountainous anger seized up in Marlon and for the rest of his life he would lay a lick on anyone who even resembled a father or held a father's authority." As for Englund, "Throughout my life I searched for my father, I searched for him in Marlon. Marlon sought a better father in me."

As for their mothers, Englund has dedicated his book to them, noting over time he has increasingly felt his mother's hand on his life. "Marlon's mother was too often lost to him, too often in an alcoholic mist outside his reach, but her maternal force was in him. The confused, gnarly man who was his father, that man was plainly not the source of Marlon's talent. I believe the source was his mother."



Bettmann / CORBIS

*George Englund and Marlon Brando together in Thailand in 1963.*

Then too both Englund and Brando had sons of their own. "Marlon and I both intended to be good fathers. Whatever happened later, we began with high resolve." One of Englund's sons died of an overdose of heroin in a dingy hotel in New York, and Brando was not quite the supportive friend Englund might have expected. But he endeavors to understand and seems to realize what Brando must have been experiencing with two of his own children.

Brando's son, Christian, was the object of heavy media coverage when he shot and killed the fiancé of his half-sister Cheyenne after she told him that the man, by whom she was more than six months pregnant, was abusing her. Brando hired William Kunstler to defend his boy, stood by him, put up his house for a two-million-dollar bail, and testified for him in court. The young man's psychiatrist testified that: "Despite the material advantages conferred on him by the Brando name, neither parent provided a stable, safe, emotional environment for Christian to grow up in." The boy was sentenced to ten years in prison, and Cheyenne, a complicated, difficult young woman, committed suicide not that long afterwards.

Englund came also to know all too well what it was like to work with the actor. He directed Brando in *The Ugly American*, made on location in Thailand and released in 1963. After one particularly infuriating time arguing with Brando over contractual matters, he observes, "I've seen Marlon wreck so many deals, so many projects—everything is going the right way and suddenly he flings in some new condition. Then he won't budge from it." He also notes: "Marlon's will to have things his way is almost unopposable. His acting ability, his storytelling, his doggedness finally bend you. But in the unlikely event those techniques don't work, he goes to the major weapon, abandonment of the whole civilized code. His face can show such anger, such threat of anarchy if you don't accede to what he's demanding that you do. No one has ever matched him in this threat to bring the empire down."

A powerful sense of the nature of the friendship that existed between the two men reigns throughout *The Way It's Never Been Done Before*, without ever slipping into the maudlin or sentimental. Englund's perceptions and observations don't exactly explain what went into the makeup of this particular icon, but they cast more illumination than we are likely to encounter elsewhere. ♦



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# A Faithful Art

*Makoto Fujimura and the redemption of abstract expressionism.* BY DAVID GELERNTER

Makoto Fujimura's paintings are a joyful gusher from a well that had long run dry—or so the world assumed. Abstract expressionism has yielded little that is new in recent years. Granted, some distinguished abstract painters who made their mark in the 1950s and 1960s continued to paint in the new century: Robert Natkin (born in 1930), Gerhard Richter (born in 1932), and Cy Twombly (born in 1928), for example, and Andrew Forge, who was born in 1923 and died in 2002. But younger abstract artists able to make original, striking paintings have been scarce—which is one reason among many to celebrate Fujimura.

He was born in Boston in 1960 and educated at Tokyo National University as well as at Bucknell in Pennsylvania, and he paints in a manner that is all his own—a manner that is just as commanding and compelling as de Kooning's, Pollock's, or Rothko's. He is not yet the equal of these legendary masters, but he might be some day; his talent is large.

The world has begun to notice. Fujimura's recent one-man show in Manhattan, "The Splendor of the Medium," was full of striking pictures. It closed in December but left a first-rate catalogue. Fujimura has had many shows in the United States and Japan, and museums are beginning to buy his work. (He is also on the board of the National Endowment for the Arts, as am I.) Fujimura condemns "the splintered and degraded aesthetic language of the day" and argues that his paintings must help "to redeem the language of art." These are inspiring aspirations.

His best paintings have poise and nobility, and they seem to emit light. Fujimura is the rare modern artist who has mastered metal foils, especially gold leaf. His color-sense is lovely, and he has an exquisite feel for the details of pigment—its relative translucence, its surface texture, the kind of drip-trail it leaves behind if you let it slither. His fondness for painting large pictures on paper rather than canvas suggests the nuanced fineness of his touch. But all these points are secondary to the quality of his design sense—the vision he sees before he starts.

Take *Zero Summer*, a large painting on paper (around seven feet tall by five wide) whose title refers, Fujimura says in the catalogue, to "the unimaginable horror of Hiroshima and Nagasaki." It's sad that such a beautiful painting should appear with the noose of wartime disaster thrown around its neck. On the other hand, the painting *is* easy to read as an abstract view of catastrophe. Smallish gold squares crowd close together in the right half (the rust-red background peeking through occasionally); on the left the grid-like crowd falls apart, and gold squares (some stained black with tarnished silver) tumble earthward. The design is perfect and so are the colors—mainly warm gold plus soft red, blues, and blacks.

You have to stand in front of this painting to get any kind of impression of it. The same holds for nearly all of Fujimura's paintings—and for many other abstract expressionist masterpieces, especially Mark Rothko's. Superficially Rothko's paintings are nothing like Fujimura's, but Fujimura seems closer to Rothko (who died in 1970) than to any other abstract expressionist. Rothko's best paintings glow from inside like supernatural storm clouds. Fujimura's glow too; the glow draws you and holds you. To leave the scene requires that you concentrate and pull back, as if you were trapped in a gravitational field. (Or some kind of field.)

Take *Splendor (for M.K.)*, roughly five-and-a-half feet tall by seven-and-a-half wide. Two gold squares float in a black cloud that blazes softly with bursts of gold dust. Rivulets of color stream earthward from the blue, moss-green and vermilion cloudbanks surrounding the blazing black cloud. The painting seems less an abstraction than a realistic picture of a transnatural apparition—as if the sky itself had imagined this image.

Two factors add to the fascination of these pictures. Fujimura is an American who is devoted to his ancestral Japan and its artistic traditions—and he is an abstract painter who is a devout Christian and describes his paintings as religious art. He writes that in 1987, "I transferred my allegiance from art to Christ"—which seems like a puzzling statement at first, since Fujimura's paintings luxuriate in the sheer wanton gorgeousness of pigment and metal-leaf. But other artists have combined sensual joy with religious feeling. Titian used to get color-drunk all the time, but was capable nonetheless of profoundly religious moods, especially in his late paintings. Matisse's exuberant joy in color was one of the big stories of twentieth-century art, but he was able to create movingly spiritual auras in which God's presence seems to hover just out of sight or around the corner. (Matisse was an atheist, but his eyes and hands were wiser than he was.)

In Fujimura's art, too, sensual joy and spiritual fervor coexist. In one notable painting in the *Four Quartets* series, brilliant white light flashes forth like revelation from between two ominous dark cascades of blue and black. In *Halcyon Day*, a surface of gold squares touched by black and rust-red

*David Gelernter is a contributing editor to* THE WEEKLY STANDARD.



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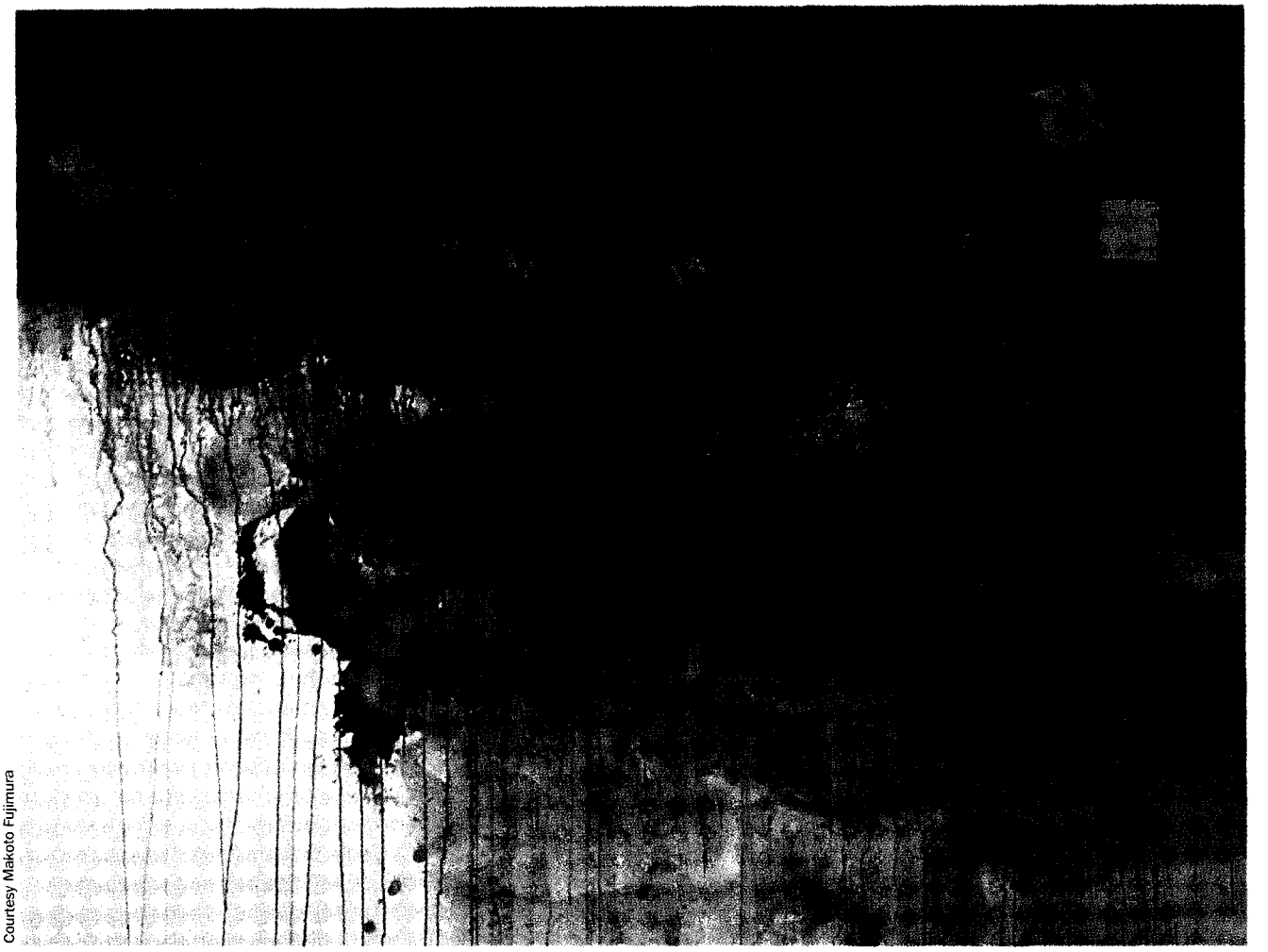

Courtesy Makoto Fujimura

Makoto Fujimura's *Splendor Passage.*

is interrupted by an outbreak of blue, like an electrical storm or a glimpse of heaven. Few people would recognize these works as explicitly religious unless they had been tipped off beforehand, and I suppose that this is a shortcoming of Fujimura's paintings—as of all abstract religious art. But the spiritual content of Fujimura's work is plain if you look for it. And it is wonderful to discover an artist who aims to convey something ecstatic about God instead of loading his paintbrush with the usual horse manure about the vileness of America and the white male and the Judeo-Christian religious tradition, and then spattering it in your face.

Fujimura is by no means the first abstract expressionist to make religious paintings. Barnett Newman made unsuccessful ones. Rothko painted a fascinating series, for an ecumenical chapel. Those brooding dark chapel paintings came at the end of his career (they were painted from 1964 to 1967); he was tired and depressed, and three years later he died a suicide. The light that made his paintings glow from inside was failing—although he also made brightly-colored paintings in his final years, paintings on paper that seem to hark forward to Fujimura's work. Rothko's chapel paintings speak of tragedy—as though we were reaching a low point in American history with our national will to live scraping bottom. Abstract expressionism seemed to be reaching the end of its life.

But now comes Makoto Fujimura, whose spiritually eloquent paintings might almost have been kindled from the embers of Rothko's art. Rothko was an agnostic Jew, and Fujimura is a Christian. But Fujimura's religious art gains depth from Rothko's. The darkness of Rothko's late works makes Fujimura's new paintings burn brighter.

The Japaneseness of these paintings adds to their allure—but ought to be seen not only in the context of Fujimura's art but of the extraordinarily cosmopolitan traditions of western art in general.

Fujimura paints in a medieval Japanese technique called "Nihonga." Pigment-bearing minerals are ground up and glued directly to the surface, along with gold and silver. The artist favors a traditional Japanese paper called *Kumohada* ("cloud skin"). Merely to list his materials (azurite, malachite, cinnabar, silver, and gold) recalls the compressed sensual glory of Biblical passages that name the raw materials of the desert tabernacle: *Gold*



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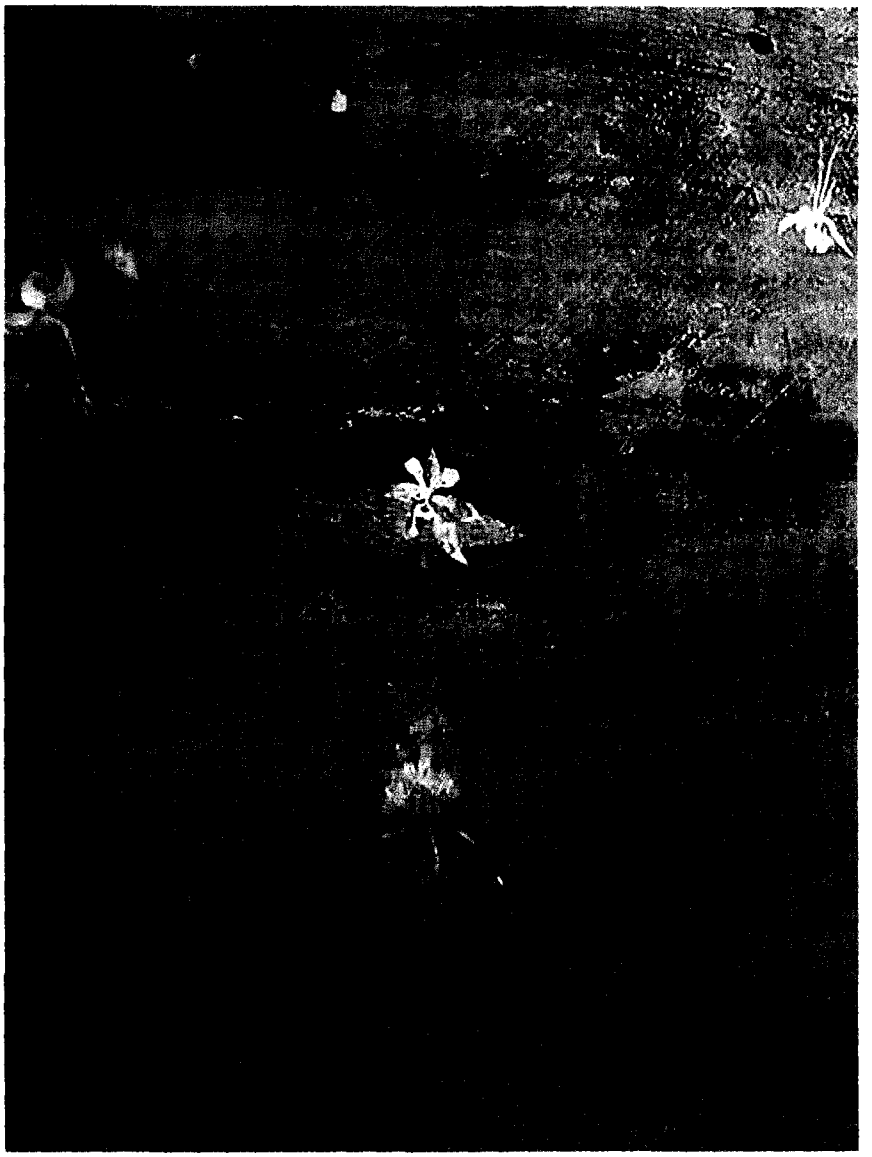

Courtesy Makoto Fujimura

A detail from Makoto Fujimura's *Columbine Sea.*

*and silver and bronze; and ultramarine, and purple, and scarlet yarn and fine linen* (Exodus 25:3-4). These ingredients are vividly wonderful. Yet to judge from the catalogue, they send some of the artist's admirers into slightly suspicious ecstasies, as if we are supposed to regard these paintings as *intrinsically* precious, regardless of what they actually look like.

In fact, the role of the artist's Japanese materials and techniques seems to me more psychological than aesthetic: They put artist and viewer in the right frame of mind, and that is important. But in the end, Fujimura's achievement is a matter of his artistry, not his art supplies. He could have accomplished similar art with western techniques.

We must also keep in mind that the specifically Japanese quality of these paintings—the distilled elegance so intense as to be sublime—also occurs in the work of certain conventionally Western artists. Matisse, Klee, and Franz Marc are capable of it (in their distinctive ways)—sometimes Calder and Barnett Newman, too; often Rothko, and the sculptor David Smith; the architects Luis Barragan and Louis Kahn; and others.

Some Western artists were directly inspired by Japanese art. Of all Asian artistic traditions, Japan's seems to mesh best with American seeing and thinking. No twentieth-century artist is more characteristically American than Frank Lloyd Wright—who was obsessed with Japanese art and architecture. Japanese elements blend seamlessly into his art, which pleased Japanese as well as Western tastes. In combining Asian and American artistry, Fujimura carries a remarkable tradition forward.

He doesn't always hit the mark. Some of his paintings ramble. Occasionally his crushed-mineral pigments seem lifeless—in some of the sparser paintings, where colors have less opportunity to heighten and play off one another. His recent Manhattan show included a short video called *Nagasaki Koi*, of which Fujimura writes, "I took this video in a pond in Nagasaki, not far from where the second atomic explosion took place." These smug sleek fancy fish become mobile sculpture or living Celtic interlace as they glide and intertwine. Some of the stills are striking, and the video *sounds* alluring—but isn't as good as it sounds. It seems bland and superficial next to Fujimura's best paintings.

But his best paintings mark Makoto Fujimura as a superb artist who does honor to the Japanese traditions he uses, and helps fan life back into several magnificent western traditions—traditions as new as abstract expressionism, as old as Christian art.

His paintings point not to the past but to the future, in which art is raised gently and lovingly from the gutter and reinstated at the center of modern life. For thirty years, abstract expressionism has been neglected by the American art establishment in favor of the toothless tedium of Installation Art, Conceptual Art, Computer Art, Porno Art, Excrement Art, Dead-Animal Art. The pinball has caromed from boring to infantile and back again, while the world looks on in complete indifference. But it takes far worse than this to kill the artist's impulse to take a canvas, panel, or sheet of paper and cover it with line and color. Art survives; art triumphs. Makoto Fujimura proves it. ♦



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*"So much for Model U.N."*

## Books in Brief

***The Oregon Trail: An American Saga* by David Dary (Knopf, 414 pp., $35).** In the mid-nineteenth century, the Oregon Trail was one of the principal overland routes from the Missouri River to the Pacific coast. Certainly it was the most famous. Thousands of pioneers in covered wagons followed the trail west. And now, following in the footsteps of Francis Parkman, David Dary has written a comprehensive account of that strange, American story.

The author of nine previous books on the American West, Dary begins his latest by discussing the earliest exploration of the territory that became Oregon and explaining the process by which Oregon became part of the United States, wrenched away from Great Britain.

But the crux of his book is the years of peak travel, from the 1840s to the 1860s, when there was an influx of emigrants on the trail seeking to escape the Civil War. Dary uses diaries, journals, memoirs, and letters written by the emigrants to convey a sense of life on the trail. His narrative is replete with anecdotes and vignettes of the pioneers' experience.

A theme of the book is the relations between the pioneers and the Indians. Although at times things were amicable, there was always underlying tension, which erupted into open hostilities in the 1860s.

With the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869, the Oregon Trail fell into disuse. But Dary extends his narrative into the twentieth century, chronicling efforts to commemorate the Oregon Trail. He also mentions various Hollywood depictions of the trail. Richly illustrated, the book is suffused with the lore of the American West.

*—Graeme Voyer*

***India in Mind* edited by Pankaj Mishra (Vintage, 332 pp., $14).** More than a collection of writings about India, this volume is an anthology of reactions from outsiders to the strange reality that is the Indian subcontinent.

The contributors are mostly English and American, but they include Continental Europeans, Mexicans, and expatriated Indians. The native Indian editor, Pankaj Mishra, has not included any of his compatriots, since his aim is to show the many ways that Westerners have attempted to "understand India through their own cultural and intellectual inheritance."

Admitting that his anthology tells us "as much about the traveler as the world he describes," Mishra identifies the world's mental picture of India with "a variety of assumptions and prejudices whose history goes back to Herodotus, to the earliest images of India in the West."

This is an India, therefore, very much in the minds of its describers. These range from the obscenely self-absorbed, such as Allen Ginsberg, to the idealistic, such as Herman Hesse, to the philosophically disgusted, such as Pier Paolo Pasolini, to practitioners of travel journalism, such as Robyn Davidson and Paul Theroux. Although Mishra might have thinned out some of the selections, on the whole they form a compelling story, ranging over two centuries, about the various ways Westerners have looked at India as either an answer to or a confirmation of their most haunting fears.

Were this all, though, one might consider this volume primarily of Western interest. But the best of Mishra's selections do more than react to India from a Western perspective. The contributions of Mark Twain and André Malraux reveal the Westerner learning to appreciate that there are mysteries at the bottom of this great civilization, even if he cannot understand them. In viewing a foreign land as alien as India is to the European, such a traveler's sight evolves with what he sees; this seems the meaning of taking "India in mind."

*—Daniel Sullivan*



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**Bush family friend and author Doug Wead, who surreptitiously taped nine hours of conversations with the president, insisted he hadn't released their contents to promote his new book.** —News Item

**Paris Hilton . . . has now had her star-studded contact list, personal notes and topless self-portraits from her Sidekick II "smartphone" splattered all over the Web.** —News Item

# Parody

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Weather map appears on Page B20

RIDAY, MARCH 4, 2005 ONE DOLLAR

## In Hacked Sidekick II Cell Phone, Glimpses of the Current President

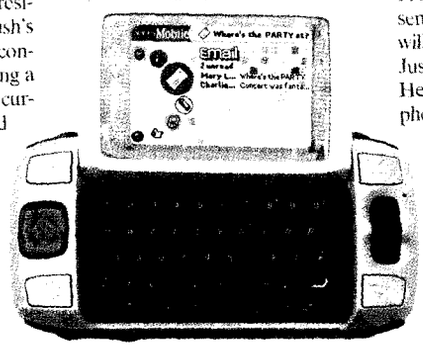
By DAVID KIRKPATRICK

LOS ANGELES, Nov. 20 — As George W. Bush travels the country and the world, he often relies on the technology of a "smartphone" to make calls and to send messages to acquaintances and friends. In the past few days, Doug Wead, an author and—in Mr. Wead's words, "a dear, dear friend of the president"—has hacked into Mr. Bush's Sidekick II and splattered its contents all over the Internet, creating a rare and priceless record of the current president as a politician and a personality.

The White House had no comment on the contents of Sidekick communications or the revealing photographs of Karl Rove wearing short sleeves without a tie but did not deny their authenticity.

Variously happy, sad, or sad-happy in these records, Mr. Bush orders sandwiches, asks what time it is, and mentions that his arm itches. In an exchange about how he would answer inquiries from the press concerning whether he had had any luck in fishing, Mr. Bush appears prepared to admit that he has not been able to catch anything.

Mr. Wead said he embezzled the president's password, hacked into the president's personal records, and posted them on several thousand pornographic websites because he views Mr. Bush as a major historical figure, but he said he knew that the president and the entire world might regard his actions as inconvenient and insane. He insisted that his only concern is documentary: "If I had Sidekick records of Churchill or Gandhi, I would spread them everywhere too. Ditto if I had pictures of them naked."



The T-Mobile Sidekick II

The Sidekick excerpts Mr. Wead disseminated offer insights into Mr. Bush's thinking from the time he got up to take his Scottish Terrier, Barney, for a walk on January 10th until the time he sat down to have a glass of lemonade on January 11th. Preparing to go outside, Mr. Bush sends a message to his assistant: "I will be going for a walk with the dog. Just take messages until I get back." He adds, "If it's urgent, I'll have my phone."

But Mr. Bush also repeatedly worried that strict dog trainers might want Mr. Bush to show greater severity towards his pet and would not like his refusal to "kick Barney." Mr. Bush said, "I don't think it's good for Republicans to engage in beatings of household pets. This is an issue I have been trying to downplay."

Why did Mr. Wead release all of this information now? "I just felt that the historical point I was making trumped a personal relationship or the notion of rationality or reason itself," Mr. Wead said.

*Continued on Page A11*

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## Bin Laden Wife

## Clinton Describes Prostitute, 16, 'Family Friend,' 'Confidant'

the weekly Standard

MARCH 7, 2005

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# Variety and Vulnerability in American Party Politics

FROM THE
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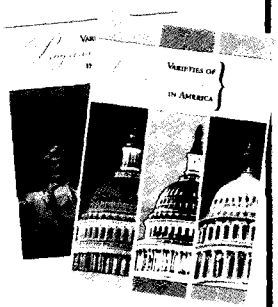

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The 2004 election's map of blue coasts and red hinterland proclaims two distinct Americas. But this gives a false impression of unity within the contending camps.

Disagreement among conservatives in the United States is acute about which beliefs, practices, and institutions are essential and which are most in danger of being lost or degraded. Social conservatives are anxious to constrain America's larger liberalism by protecting traditional morality from the corrosive effects of untrammeled personal freedom and the disruptions of a healthy, churning economy. In contrast, libertarians seek to preserve the legal framework within which personal freedom can be enjoyed and the market can operate most efficiently. Neoconservatives—typically more at home with liberalism than social conservatives and more at ease with traditional morality than libertarians—are committed to protecting America's liberalism from its own excesses by preserving habits of heart and mind that support freedom.

**To command a national majority, the Republican Party requires the support of all three kinds of conservatives. But the fault lines in the coalition run deep.** Social conservatives view abortion as an evil and oppose same-sex marriage as a threat to an institution they regard as central to civilized life. Libertarians, at least early in pregnancy, would leave the decision of whether to terminate a pregnancy to the mother and prefer government to stay out of the marriage business. Neoconservatives support an ambitious and idealistic foreign policy, with its hallmark the promotion of democracy abroad. Social conservatives are worried about the reach of liberalism at home; libertarians are skeptical both about liberalism's appeal abroad and about the United States' interest in promoting it. Furthermore, libertarians oppose the growth of government spending—even as social conservatives want to increase spending on domestic programs to shore up traditional values and neoconservatives want to increase spending on military and foreign aid.

**Serious fault lines also run beneath the progressive camp.** United by the priority they give to making America a more equal and inclusive society, progressives divide over the role that government, market mechanisms, courts, and the institutions of civil society should play in achieving it. Perhaps the most ominous tension within the progressive coalition arises from the conflicting economic interests of the party's two main constituencies. Once the party of the working class, today's Democratic Party is increasingly divided between highly educated, upper-middle-class professionals, who identify with its secular social and cultural outlook, and the poor, the sick, and the elderly, who want the party to increase government assistance.

**Both parties face formidable challenges in keeping their vulnerable coalitions together while reaching out to centrists to assemble a national majority.** The spectacle is enough to inspire in an old-fashioned liberal—one who follows John Stuart Mill in believing that liberty depends on a robust contest between a party that makes conserving a priority and a party that makes progress a priority—pride in American democracy and hope for the future.

—Peter Berkowitz

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*Peter Berkowitz is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution; associate professor of law at George Mason University Law School; and editor of* Varieties of Conservatism in America *and* Varieties of Progressivism in America, *companion volumes published by the Hoover Press.*

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